

07940

Together[®]

FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

15

SEPTEMBER 1969

RECEIVED

Halfway Off the Junkie Heap,
Will Religion Kill Christianity?
Migrant Ministry in Michigan

NEW HAVEN
CT 06510

DREW UNIV LIBRARY

MADISON



Turn! Turn! Turn! Your pictures make a color pictorial [pages 30-38]



The Ole Shopping Bag in the Mailbox Trick

Cokesbury does it again—puts a shopping bag full of books and gift ideas in your mailbox. There's no magic involved. All you do is mail in the coupon below and Cokesbury sends you FREE their big, new full-color book catalog with the widest selection of books from all major publishers—carefully selected to include the best available reading for you, your family, and friends. Let Cokesbury perform the shopping bag in the mailbox trick for you—order your catalog today.

Get an early start on your Christmas shopping. Send for your free copy of Cokesbury's Christmas Shopper, also. It's a small catalog with big ideas for gift-giving—use the handy coupon below to get your free copy.

Cokesbury

Order from the Cokesbury Regional Service Center serving your area:

1910 Main Street	Fifth and Grace Streets	1661 North Northwest Hwy.
Dallas, Texas 75221	Richmond, Va. 23216	Park Ridge, Ill. 60068
1600 Queen Anne Road	201 Eighth Avenue, South	85 McAllister Street
Teaneck, N. J. 07666	Nashville, Tenn. 37202	San Francisco, Calif. 94102

Please send me

- ☐ COKESBURY BOOK CATALOG, 1969-70
☐ COKESBURY CHRISTMAS SHOPPER, 1969

Name _____ (Please print or type)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



Indeed, the wheels are "turning, turning, turning," in this multi-image photograph taken at last year's Pageant of Steam in Canandaigua, N.Y. The Rev. W. George Thornton of Rochester, N.Y.—a skilled photographer whose pictures have been widely acclaimed and featured in numerous national publications—had TOGETHER in mind when he saw this mechanical exhibit. To gain his effect for the 13th Annual Photo Invitational [see pages 30-38], Mr. Thornton used multi-image prisms attached to the lens of his Pentax Spotmatic.

TOGETHER SEPTEMBER 1969
The Magazine for United Methodists
Vol. XIII, No. 9 Copyright © 1969
by The Methodist Publishing House

Editorial Office: 1661 N. Northwest Hwy., Park Ridge, Ill. 60068. Phone (Area 312) 299-4411.

Business, Subscription, and Advertising Offices: 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tenn. 37203. Phone (Area 615) 242-1621.

TOGETHER is published monthly by The Methodist Publishing House at 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tenn. 37203, where second-class postage has been paid. **Subscription:** \$5 a year in advance, single copy 50¢.

TOGETHER CHURCH PLAN subscriptions through United Methodist churches are \$3 per year, cash in advance, or 75¢ per quarter, billed quarterly.

Change of Address: Five weeks advance notice is required. Send old and new addresses and label from current issue to Subscription Office. **Advertising:** Write Advertising Office for rates.

Editorial Submissions: Address all correspondence to Editorial Office, enclosing postage for return of materials.

TOGETHER assumes no responsibility for damage to or loss of unsolicited manuscripts, art, photographs.

TOGETHER is an official general periodical of The United Methodist Church and continues CHURCH AND HOME, the family periodical of the former Evangelical United Brethren Church. Because of freedom given authors, opinions may not reflect official concurrence. The contents of each issue are indexed in the UNITED METHODIST PERIODICAL INDEX.

Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to TOGETHER, 201 Eighth Avenue, South, Nashville, Tenn. 37203.

Together®

FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

IN THIS ISSUE

- 2 Halfway Off the Junkie Heap
C. Edmund Fisher
- 6 Noble and Heroic? 'Yes' Free? 'No'
Interview with Bishop James Armstrong
- 12 Migrant Problems, Northern-Style
Church in Action
- 22 Do We 'Enjoy' Our Sickness?
- 23 Furniture Dealer—Plus
People Called Methodists
- 28 'My Tithe of Time'
Mary Lou Moore
- 30 Turn! Turn! Turn!
Color Pictorial
- 39 Here's How They Got the Pictures
- 40 Black Reparations and the Churches
George W. Cornell
- 45 When Trouble Came
Paul D. Lowder
- 47 Will Religion Kill Christianity?
Ronald L. Sundbye
- 53 The Door Is Open
Ann Rule
- 56 What Peace?
Harriet R. Bean
- 64 Miraculous Mathematician
Nelle McCullough

REGULAR FEATURES

- 17 News
- 49 Your Faith *By James S. Thomas*
- 50 Letters
- 57 TV-Films *By David O. Poindexter*
- 58 Teens *By Dale White*
- 61 Books *By Helen Johnson*
- 65 Fiction *By Gerald Kennedy*
- 66 Small Fry
- 68 Jottings
- 68 Illustration Credits



HALFWAY OFF THE JUNKIE HEAP

By C. EDMUND FISHER



Exodus House Workshop is both a carpentry shop and a salesroom for products made by former addicts.

THE NATION'S 65,000 to 250,000 narcotic addicts (depending on whose figures you accept) are trapped in a worse dilemma than their enslaving \$250-million-a-year habit. If they desire to return voluntarily to a drug-free society via the normal public-agency channels, they can be badgered by a weird maze of legalistic confusion and a strange combination of public apathy, fear, goodwill, and open hostility, since they are generally regarded as criminals and/or outcasts.

The mess—and that is what it really is—is so jumbled that even the family doctor risks prosecution if he fails, even inadvertently, to follow prescribed legal and medical regulations in treating a junkie for his habit.

Buried in this jungle of contradictions, however, is

hope for the drug addict: halfway houses operated by private, voluntary groups. Their task is compassionate reintroduction of the junkie to society through self-discipline, psychiatric care, and, in some instances, job-training workshops and resumption of formal education. And without the stifling penal atmosphere that prevails in the handful of halfway houses sponsored by government agencies.

There are less than two dozen privately run halfway houses in the United States. Despite hard-core and sometimes violent neighborhood opposition to these pioneers, more of this type are on the way because of the groundbreakers' remarkable success.

One of the most vigorous and comprehensive of these new bridges back into society is Exodus House in the heart of New York City's east Harlem, popularly known as Spanish Harlem because of its high proportion of Latin Americans. This slum neighborhood and next-door black Harlem harbor more than one half of New York City's addict population, estimated to be anywhere from 32,000 to upwards of 100,000. This means that at least one fourth of all the junkies in the United States congregate in this relatively small geographic area of New York City.

"The halfway house is not a cure-all for the growing narcotic problem, but it is the most enlightened, sophisticated, and successful way society has yet found to rehabilitate the addict," says the Rev. Lynn L. Hageman, executive director of Exodus House, and a United Methodist.

Exodus House is the successor to a major outpatient clinic and counseling service operated by the East Harlem Protestant Parish. It has had almost phenomenal success when measured against what had been regarded as models in the field of penal correction and rehabilitation—the federal prison hospitals at Lexington, Ky., and Fort Worth, Texas. Approximately 90 percent of the federal patients eventually return to narcotics.

On the other hand, Exodus House counts 80 percent of its participants *staying off drugs*! Additionally, all 11 "graduates" from an intensive, total commitment, two-year-minimum rehabilitation program have been drug-free and employed for as long as four years.

There has to be a reason for this disparity, although as yet no one has been able to pin it down to more than a hypothesis of human psychology: that a prison atmosphere which denies access to drugs—like telling a child he cannot have his candy—is much less effective than the freedom of movement amid challenging temptation allowed by private, voluntary halfway houses. Maybe Phillip Soto, a former addict, has a big part of the answer.

"Here at Exodus House it's a feeling of being trusted in an atmosphere of mistrust—they do, for instance, take periodic urine samples to see if we have stayed off drugs," he told me as we sat over coffee in the comfortable, sunlit dining room furnished with chairs and tables from the cabinetmaking shop.

"We're trying to prove that we can be trusted to stay clean and that they're right—that we are human beings and not freaks, as a lot of people think addicts are."

Phillip Soto, drug-free for two years, can look back on a \$60 to \$90-a-day habit for 10 years, from the time



Ex-addict Phillip Soto (above) works in the ceramics shop as part of his therapy at Exodus House. He hasn't touched drugs for two years. Group psychiatric therapy sessions are a principal part of the program, particularly in the early stages of treatment. Jody Cooper leads such a group below.



he was 14. In that period he picked up hepatitis from dirty needles and kicked the habit seven times—twice on the street, once in Puerto Rico, and four times in jail, to which he had been remanded for using and selling narcotics, for burglary, and a stickup. His record, startling as it might be to a square, is run-of-mill for the average addict.

Each applicant to Exodus House goes through a two-week screening to make certain that he is drug-free

training and less on psychiatric therapy, although the latter continues until the participant is graduated.

Attitude, work habits, personal cleanliness, being on time (addicts lose their sense of time), and remaining off drugs are principal criteria in the speed of his progress. He can go backward, too, especially if a urine specimen shows use of drugs. Backward means returning to a lower step in the program, or even starting from scratch.

A participant is free to leave the program at any time, but despite its meticulous demands, only three have quit. All were on a high level of attainment; all have remained drug-free and are employed.

"The basic premise of the halfway-house concept is to challenge the individual to become a whole person while, at the same time, getting through to him that he does have a productive place in society," says Mr. Hageman, who has worked full time with addicts in Chicago and New York since his graduation from the Chicago Theological Seminary in 1956.

"The public must understand that an addict is fundamentally an emotionally maladjusted person. He is not basically a criminal, although his habit is so costly that it takes him into crime to obtain money to support it." (The New York City police department estimates that half the nonviolent crimes it deals with—including robbery, burglary, prostitution—are committed by addicts.)

One of the first really concrete steps anywhere in the United States toward treating the addict as sick and salvageable within the framework of a nonprison environment was taken a dozen years ago. It was a project conducted by the East Harlem Protestant Parish in Spanish Harlem. By the time this program was phased out in favor of a new approach seven years later, more than 3,000 persons had been under treatment on an outpatient basis. A phenomenal 26 percent became drug-free.

The parish made still another vital contribution. It helped lead a successful fight to open hospital beds in New York City and State to addicts voluntarily seeking withdrawal.

"By the autumn of 1963, with better-than-average results with the 3,000 outpatients, it was evident that sufficient knowledge and experience had been acquired to make a more challenging and sophisticated development mandatory," Mr. Hageman recalls. "We began an experimental program that gave services only in return for total commitment to treatment and rehabilitation."

That was the start of the present halfway-house program in Spanish Harlem. It also signalled the end of the parish's participation since the new program, drawing on public funds, created a church-state separation problem. Thus, Exodus House was established as a private, voluntary corporation in 1965.

Although Exodus House continued a major counseling program, only six persons were admitted to the original halfway-house project and its rigid, seven-day-a-week schedule. Lodging was obtained in nearby apartments for the six participants.

Annual grants from New York State and the city of New York (they totaled \$388,505 in 1967) permitted expansion to 40 full-time participants, more intensive psychiatric therapy, job-training workshops in cabinet-



Lynn L. Hageman, Exodus House director, says the halfway-house concept is not a cure-all for narcotics. "But it is the most . . . successful way society has yet found to rehabilitate the addict," he adds.

and does not have emotional problems that require hospital treatment. Once accepted, he devotes himself full time to an intensive six-level, seven-day-a-week emotional, physical, and economic rehabilitation process that will last from two to three years, depending on his ability to readjust.

His day's schedule begins promptly at 9:30 a.m. and ends sometimes as late as ten o'clock at night. In the early stages of treatment, group psychiatric therapy is stressed, with brief introductory periods into the workshops. After a few months, more time is spent in manual

making, carpentry, printing, and ceramics, and rehabilitation work among more than 800 addicts in prisons. A machine shop is soon to be added.

Meantime, Exodus House recognized that indiscriminate off-premises housing for newcomers in its total-commitment program had pitfalls—especially in the delicate early months of participation when individuals were still in a vacuum and living in a neighborhood where a “fix” was only minutes away.

A campaign raised \$300,000 from private sources for a building program that included a 25-bed dormitory, kitchen, dining room, and lounge in a renovated five-story tenement (the Hageman family lives on the top floor); a new, adjoining, concrete-block workshop; a group-therapy center; and a recreation area. The complex was opened in April, 1968.

When Exodus House began acquiring property for the new complex, two local clergymen—quietly backed by a handful of merchants—mounted the first resistance to the antinarcotic project in its more than 19 years of operation. Their argument was one that often has been sounded against similar efforts in other communities. It went like this:

“We feel sorry for these poor addicts and they need help. But we do not want them in our neighborhood, running around raping, robbing, killing, and encouraging our young people to use dope.”

Exodus House stood firm, however, and went ahead with its program as planned, confident that neighborhood fears were groundless. Exodus House and other similar places have since been proven right.

Newcomers to Exodus House live in the dormitory during their first three months (female participants continue to be housed off-premises), with liberal outside privileges increasing with their length of stay and progress. At the end of the third month, they move back with their families or, with the help of the staff, find quarters nearby. Welfare grants support the participants.

A financial feature of the program is that Exodus House has so developed its rehabilitation work that the annual per capita cost is \$6,550 as against \$12,000 per patient in the New York State Narcotic Control Commission’s revised program instituted in 1967.

Even so, the Exodus House program is far more comprehensive than that of the average halfway house. It includes:

- Job counseling, treatment, and withdrawal reference services for addicts—more than 7,000 of whom have been helped since East Harlem Protestant Parish initiated the work in 1956.
- Addiction-prevention efforts through schools, churches, civic groups, and on-the-street education programs conducted by former addicts and the professional staff.
- Research into the culture of addiction and the rehabilitation process, with data made available to research groups and individuals in the United States and abroad.

“We consider research one of our most important phases,” says Mr. Hageman. “The study of the drug addict from the sociological and psychological aspects is a brand new field. There have been so many myths to overcome—among them the theme that an addict is a fiend—that

sociologists and psychiatrists have had to spend valuable time weeding them out, even reorienting their own thinking.

“As of now, however, nobody can put a finger on why a person becomes an addict. There are theories, the principal one being that addiction is a product of the slums where emotional frustrations are monumental. Yet today we see a growing addiction rate among young people from affluent, educated families. Is that part of



This building, housing vocational workshop areas, was opened in April, 1968. A machine shop soon will be added to the center. The Hageman family lives on the top floor of the dormitory (at right).

the juvenile revolution against accepted social mores? Right now, all we know for certain is that the addict is sick. How or why are questions that must wait for deeper and broader research.”

Meanwhile Exodus House staff members, half of whom are former addicts, continue to devote themselves to salvaging others from the junkie heap. Their hours are long, the rebuffs are many, and they will not receive any medals. They know, though, that through their halfway house concept an addict has a better than even chance of making his way in society without drugs. □

The South Vietnamese:

Noble and Heroic? 'Yes' Free? 'No'

EARLY THIS SUMMER an eight-member group of Americans, together with one British observer, spent eight days in South Viet Nam in a study of religious and political freedom in that war-torn country. The team, chosen by an ad hoc committee of Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish religious leaders, included one United Methodist—Bishop James Armstrong of Aberdeen, S.Dak.

In South Viet Nam the team members had interviews with officials of the government, including President Nguyen Van Thieu; with U.S. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker and members of the Embassy staff; with the U.S. military chief, General Creighton Abrams; with South Vietnamese legislators, Roman Catholic and Buddhist leaders, and

with both police and prison officials and many of the persons being held in prisons.

Returning to the United States on June 10, the team issued a report of their findings and conducted a press conference in Washington, D.C. News reports in the secular press have given attention to the team's trip and to Bishop Armstrong's testimony before a U.S. Senate subcommittee in late June.

In order to speak more directly with United Methodist readers Bishop Armstrong consented to an interview with TOGETHER to talk about both the major elements of the team report and some of his personal observations about life in South Viet Nam today. TOGETHER Managing Editor Paige Carlin began with this question:

Could you summarize the chief conclusion which the study team made as a result of its trip?

The team's report is a 36-page document which details a number of findings. In general they lead to the conclusion that religious and political freedoms are severely restricted in South Viet Nam.

The present government headed by President Nguyen Van Thieu and Vice-President Nguyen Cao Ky stays in power largely because of police-state tactics and American support. It neither represents nor has the support of the majority of the South Vietnamese people.

On what findings did the team base that conclusion?

The Study Team found that the Thieu-Ky government uses words like "communism," "neutralism," and "coalition" interchangeably to silence dissent and to weaken political and religious opposition. President Thieu himself told us that talk about coalition government cannot be tolerated. Any person who talks in terms of a coalition, even a coalition dominated by noncommunist elements outside the present regime, is committing a political crime.

Student peace movements, Buddhist pleas for nonviolence and a "third solution," and the freedom of the press all have been systematically suppressed.

Thousands of persons arrested in South Viet Nam are denied all procedural protection. The Thieu-Ky government increasingly uses military-field tribunals quite outside the legality of the nation's constitution to imprison thousands of additional persons, denying them the fundamental elements of a fair hearing and often without even serving notice of the charges against them.

The study team was convinced that the present repression, though not as obvious or violent as it was under the Ngo Dinh Diem government, is pervasive and brutal. The sheer weight of witnesses' statements convinced us that torture and brutality are widespread in arrest and interrogation procedures.



Can you give specific instances of prisoners being held for strictly political reasons?

We asked to see a number of particular prisoners including three whose cases have received recent international attention. One of the three was Truong Dinh Dzu, runner-up in the presidential election of 1967. He was arrested in May, 1968, and given a five-year sentence for urging negotiations with the NLF.

While we were in Saigon, Mr. Dzu was moved from Con Son Island prison, about 50 miles off the South Vietnamese coast, to the Chi Hoa prison in Saigon, and we were permitted to visit him there. They are taking good care of him because if anything happened to him, it would be assumed that the cause was something other than his bad heart.

Mr. Dzu is, by definition, a political prisoner. There is no question about this. President Thieu himself said it. Dzu never has been accused of being a Communist or a pro-Communist. The only possible explanation for his continuing imprisonment is the fact that, running as a peace candidate in the 1967 presidential election and advocating talks with the NLF, he ran second only to President Thieu and polled 18 percent of the vote as against 35 percent for the Thieu-Ky ticket.

You mentioned two other prominent leaders jailed for political reasons. Who are they?

Nguyen Lau, publisher and owner of the Saigon Daily News, was arrested last April 16 for "having maintained private contacts with a Viet Cong political agent." The agent, a boyhood friend of Lau, had talked with the publisher many times during the past five years and once asked him to supply information for the VC but Lau refused.

Lau is not a Communist, but he has insisted on his right to criticize the Thieu-Ky government. We were not permitted to see him, but we were convinced by our talks both with the government's chief investigator in the case and with a respected British correspondent that the evidence against Lau is flimsy and that the real reason for his arrest was that he was writing and saying things which were embarrassing to the government.

The third is Thich Thien Minh, probably the second most important Buddhist leader in South Viet Nam, the head of the Buddhist youth movement. He was called into the ministry of internal affairs early this year and was told he would have to stop preaching sermons about peace. Shortly afterward, on February 23, he

was arrested at the Buddhist Youth Center and was charged with "harboring rebels, concealing weapons and illegal documents . . ." and is serving a three-year sentence.

It is likely that the arrest was arranged simply to silence the monk because he was speaking out too much. Our conversation with him in the carefully guarded government building where he is being held was inhibited, but he said his health was good and he added, "My only offense is that I believe in peace."

You indicated that Mr. Dzu and Thich Thien Minh apparently were being treated fairly well as prisoners. What about less prominent persons? Were you able to observe prison conditions?

We spent several days studying the prison system. There are four large prisons which are essentially for civilian prisoners as well as 37 officially listed provincial correctional centers. Colonel Nguyen Psu Sanh, director of correctional institutions, said that there are 35,000 prisoners in the 41 centers. Colonel Sanh's senior American advisor, Mr. Don Bordenkercher, estimated that 10,000 more are held in interrogation centers. (There are thousands more held in refugee and military camps and in detention centers controlled by secret police.)

The Study Team separated into groups of two or three, each with an interpreter, to visit three of the four large prisons. I went to the Thu Duc Prison for Women, about 30 kilometers outside Saigon. I also went through the infamous National Police headquarters.

Now, of course, you are dealing with a culture entirely different from our own so you don't expect to find Western facilities or Western concepts of penology. At Thu Duc we saw three of the buildings where the women are kept, one about 30 by 40 feet, one about 30 by 90, and one about 20 by 90. The 30 by 40 building was where the mothers of newborn children were kept, along with some other inmates. It consisted of one room, very primitive.

The women, about 60 of them, slept on mats and the babies were in hammocks above them. The other two buildings housed from 150 to 170 women each. There were no partitions, no cells, so they slept on mats side by side. There were shelves overhead around the building for

In addition to "Together" read

the christian CENTURY

America's most influential religious journal—to keep pace with the swift changes of a turbulent time, to be alive to the issues facing mankind and to be informed of Christian opinion on those issues, to gain a refreshing and creative approach. New subscribers may read this ecumenical weekly for 60 weeks for only \$6.00! Subscribe now!

The Christian Century, Dep't. TR
407 South Dearborn Street,
Chicago, Illinois 60605

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
(Province)

Take the "Ups and Downs"
out of
two-story
living



Install an Inclinette

There's no need to sell your two-story home because someone must avoid climbing stairs. Install an Inclinette on your present stairway and ride upstairs and down with the push of a button.

Inclinette is a must for the handicapped and elderly and a real convenience for every member of the family.

Write for new, free booklet

This colorful booklet tells about Inclinette, the 2-passenger Inclin-ator, and "Elevette" — our modern home elevator.



INCLINATOR COMPANY OF AMERICA
2307 Paxton St., Harrisburg, Pa. 17105

their personal belongings. There were no baths as we think of them, but they were permitted to wash in a common washing place on an occasional basis. The sewage system was open and located in the large rooms where they live. They have a diet of rice and fish.

Were you satisfied then that prisoners are treated about as well as could be expected under the circumstances?

By no means. The problems come before the prisoners are placed in the prisons we visited. We became convinced that there is a great deal of brutalization of prisoners—torture—that comes at the time of detention and interrogation.

When the search-and-destroy military operations move through the hamlets, a lot of people are caught in the mopping up actions simply because they happen to be there. The military doesn't know what to do with them. They don't know if they are Viet Cong or not so they just hang on to them. They may hold them for up to two years. It is at this stage when there seems to be a good deal of brutalization in trying to extract confessions.

Even more significant in terms of overall administration of justice, is the lack of legal standards and procedures. In the sentencing of people by administrative councils at the province level, there is no pretense of "due process," no lawyers involved, no charges, and certainly no defense as we think of defense. In addition to the handling of prisoners in these provincial courts, the National Assembly passed and President Thieu last November promulgated a new State of War Law which gives the executive branch permission to name military-field tribunals with no accountability to either the legislative branch or to the judicial system. The law is clearly unconstitutional and takes away the legal protections offered by the constitution which actually is very enlightened in its approach to prisoner proceedings.

It seems strange that it is considered a crime to talk about peace in a war-ravaged country like Viet Nam. Why is this?

President Thieu is politically insecure. If his government were stable, he would not have to suppress coalition talk. If it were stable, he would not have to imprison or drive underground those whose points of view differ from his own. These persons are not Communists. These are not members of the NLF. These are those who simply do not agree with his war

policies and with the American military presence.

The critics of Thieu with whom we talked contend that he is more concerned with his own continuation in power than anything else. The present "alliance" which he heads has five different parties in it. But this does not signify national unity. These parties are all beholden to him anyway. To suggest that the elections of 1967 were "free" is preposterous. Yet, given the limitation of these elections, all parties of the alliance combined with the Thieu-Ky ticket did not command a majority of the popular vote.

Where do the religious leaders stand? Is there a co-operative spirit among Buddhist, Catholic, and Protestant groups?

The religious situation in South Viet Nam is confused. The major religious bodies are Catholic and Buddhist; Protestants are few. And there is division in both the Catholic and Buddhist camps.

The Catholics are important far beyond their statistical strength—about 10 percent of the population—because the former French colonial policy and presence was Catholic, because the majority of government

functionaries are Catholic, and because more than half of the Catholics in South Viet Nam are refugees from North Viet Nam and form the most vocal anticommunist bloc. Only about 10 percent of the Catholic population can be identified with the peace movement, but this minority would like a closer tie with the Buddhists to prevent further friction between the two communities and to seek answers between communism and corrupt militarism.

All the Catholic bishops in South Viet Nam, following Pope Paul's peace pronouncement in the latter part of 1967, issued a statement supporting the Pope and calling for a cessation of the bombing of North Viet Nam. But everyone we asked about this insisted that the bishops' statement was made simply to follow the lead of the Pope. Archbishop Nguyen Van Binh is a grand person, but he insists that the church must be "nonpolitical." In the present context, to be "nonpolitical" in South Viet Nam is to be very political.

The Buddhists, on the other hand—and they comprise at least 80 percent of the population—are by nature a gentle, peaceful people and by doctrine nonviolent. Therefore, their advocacy of peace is just as political as the Roman Catholic anticommunism is political.

There are two major Buddhist factions: the "moderate" government-authorized faction headed by Thich Tam Chau, and the "activist" faction headed by Thich Tri Quang and centered at the An Quang Pagoda. Early in 1967 the government sought to fragment the Buddhists, withdrawing the charter of the Unified Church and recognizing the "moderate" wing of Thich Tam Chau. However, a large majority of Buddhists continue to be linked with the An Quang Pagoda and with the so-called militants because they are fervently nationalist, anti-American, and they are peace advocates.

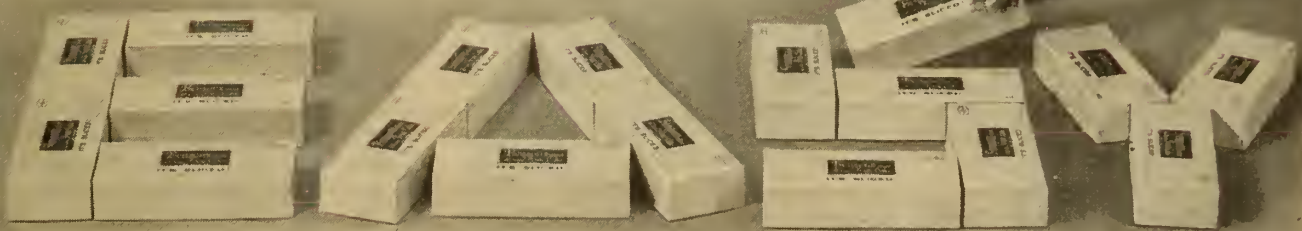
You seem to be implying that there is strong anti-American sentiment among the Buddhists and others.

Thich Tri Quang was asked to evaluate the old French colonial period in comparison with the present American military presence in South Viet Nam, and he said that the present situation is more oppressive than under the French for two reasons:



What's
your
fund
raising
goal?

Make
it



Your club can rest assured of success when your fund raiser is delicious Benson's Sliced Old Home Fruit Cake. You are offering a truly superb cake. Benson's provides, free of charge, individually wrapped sample slices that do the selling for you. Your group makes as much as \$1.10 clear profit per sale (3-pound cake). Bonus plan, too. The proof is in the record. In 1968, more than 8,000 organizations raised from \$66 to \$5,000 through the Benson's program. Put Benson's to the test of your own good taste. Return the coupon today for program brochure and a generous sample fruit cake. No obligation.

4 out of 5 families will serve fruit cake this fall. Make it Benson's and benefit your group's good cause.



**Benson's sliced
old home Fruit Cake**

Benson's Old Home Fruit Cake
245 N. Thomas Street
P. O. Box 1432 FF1
Athens, Georgia 30601

Please rush program brochure and generous sample fruit cake. Free! No obligation.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

ZIP CODE _____ PHONE _____

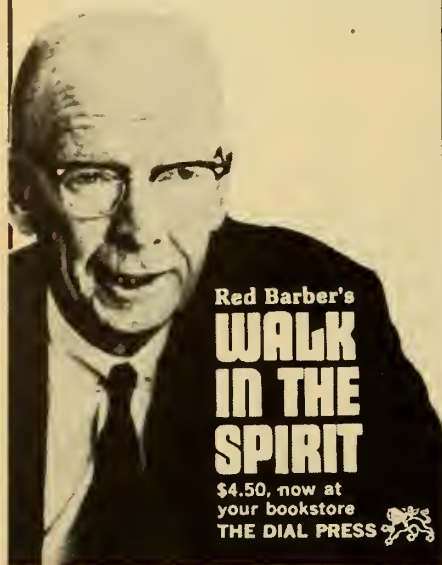
ORGANIZATION _____ NO. MEMBERS _____

POSITION IN ORGANIZATION _____

(We can honor only U.S. inquiries that list organization names, since we sell only through civic, church, community and school groups.)

Part sports, part inspiration, all RED BARBER

In this moving and heartwarming testament, the inimitable Red Barber recalls some of the most memorable men and moments from a lifetime of sports reporting. Twenty-one brief, vivid chapters on Jackie Robinson, Roger Bannister, Ben Hogan, Roy Campanella, Branch Rickey, and many others.



Red Barber's
**WALK
IN THE
SPIRIT**
\$4.50, now at
your bookstore
THE DIAL PRESS

PEWS, PULPIT & CHANCEL FURNITURE

✓ WRITE FOR Free CATALOG
AND LOW DIRECT PRICES
J.P. REDINGTON & Co.

DEPT. 2, SCRANTON, PA. 18501



COVENANT RETIREMENT CENTERS

- Away of life
- Superb retirement communities
- Custom designed retirement plans to fit individual needs
- Beautifully appointed suites and semi suites
- Complete active retirement service with companionship, recreation, security, and independence within a Christian environment

- COVENANT PALMS-MIAMI
8400 N.W. 25th Avenue, Miami, Florida 33147
- COVENANT VILLAGE-NORTHBROOK
2625 Techny Road, Northbrook, Illinois 60062
- MOUNT MIGUEL
COVENANT VILLAGE-SAN DIEGO
325 Keimpton Street, Spring Valley, California 92077
- THE SAMARKAND-SANTA BARBARA
2663 Tallant Road, Santa Barbara, California 93105
- HEARTHSTONE MANOR-FOLSOM
6700 Oak Avenue, Folsom, California 95630

Applications are available to persons of varying economic levels. Information is available by writing the director at the center of your choice.

SPONSORED BY BOARD OF BENEVOLENCE, EVANGELICAL COVENANT CHURCH OF AMERICA
3143 NORTH CALIFORNIA AVENUE - CHICAGO 60632

First, the French did not violate the traditions of the Vietnamese people. With the "Americanization" of the war, the countryside has been laid waste, families have been broken up, and traditional attitudes toward family, home and property, and friendship have been violated.

Second, the French were relatively poor while the Americans, by bringing in vast amounts of money, have simply upturned an entire value system and have superimposed a materialistic way of life upon a people who had nothing. So in terms of the ethical considerations of this Buddhist monk, the American presence has been even more destructive than the rule of the French colonialists.

What about casualties? Did you see much evidence of the war's physical effects?

I went through the children's surgical division of a hospital which treats from 5,000 to 6,000 children a year. They come in from 30 to 40 kilometers outside of Saigon. Eighty percent of these are war wounded, and the hospital staff by this time has become pretty sophisticated in detecting the origin of the shrapnel, the weapon fragment, the bullet that is in the flesh of a youngster.

According to a doctor with whom I spoke, only about five or six children came in last year with known VC wounds. The remainder come in with wounds that could be traced directly to our military action. When you see these youngsters—three, four, five years old, amputees, terribly burned, faces disfigured, wrapped in smelly bandages because of the nature of their wounds—you wish you could expose every American to the thing that you are seeing.



What, if any, contact did the Study Team have with U.S. military authorities?

Congressman Conyers and Admiral True¹ went to see General Creighton Abrams, the head of the U.S. military operation. He made a more favorable impression upon us than any of the other Americans we met. He is the head of the war machinery that is destroying the country. But he seems to know this. He is extremely sensitive to the very things that took us to Viet Nam. While the U.S. Embassy seemed rigid and defensive, he seemed to welcome the kind of thing we were bringing and displayed far more humanitarian concern for what is happening to the Vietnamese people than any other American we talked with.

Those who defend the American military presence in Viet Nam say that if we were to pull out, we would be abandoning a free and noble, heroic people to immediate takeover by the Communists. Would you comment on that?

Noble and heroic, yes. Free, no. As far as the possibility of communist takeover is concerned, there are some disturbing implications here. For instance, it would appear that the U.S. will not withdraw until the South Vietnamese army is able to take over the war effort. We will continue, apparently, to provide overwhelming technological superiority whether we are the ones pulling the triggers or not. With that power in the hands of the Thieu-Ky government in our absence, it is possible that the threat is no more from the NFL than from "our" side.

Now if the Thieu-Ky government were replaced by a truly representative government, then without question there would be danger from the left. The NFL has not thrown in the towel. Not even the most naive idealist thinks that it will. North Viet Nam is implicated up to its neck, and there is the closest possible association between Hanoi and the NLF, though I think we must continue to make a distinction between the two. But as one college student who's been in prison twice suggested, "This is a risk we must be willing to run if we are going to have independence because

¹ Team members, in addition to Bishop Armstrong, were Congressman John Conyers, Jr., of Michigan; Rear Admiral Arald E. True, U.S. Navy, Retired; Father Robert Drinon, S.J., dean of Boston College law school; Rabbi Seymour Siegel, Jewish Theological Seminary professor; Allan Brick, director of national program, Fellowship of Reconciliation; Mrs. John C. Bennett, wife of Union Theological Seminary's president; John deJ. Pemberton, executive director, American Civil Liberties Union; and the Rev. Peter W. Jenkins, Wimbledon, England.

as long as you Americans are here, we can't have it."

Among the people with whom you talked, is there a feeling that a coalition government to replace Thieu-Ky could include the NLF?

They didn't talk in those terms. Most of those with whom we talked are anticommunist. They also are anti-American. These are old nationalists, the new nationalists, the students. I talked with one deputy of the lower house of the national legislature—a man who is considered progovernment—who referred to the amount of resources that have been plunged into North Viet Nam by the Russians and the Chinese and the amount plunged into South Viet Nam by America, and he said, "We are called upon to be beggars to the whole world in order to destroy ourselves. That is the greatest tragedy." It was an eloquent statement.

What would the "third force" advocates see as the probable political outcome if the American presence were withdrawn?

Interestingly enough, even Madame Nguyen Thi Binh, the NLF delegate now in Paris, says that if South Viet Nam were given a genuinely free election now, a third force would win, the NLF would not. The people we talked to are quite confident of this, that if given a free election, if the political prisoners were spilled out of the prisons, if the long-suppressed newspapers could come back into publication, there would be an emergence of a representative voice. And this would be the only way really to defeat the Communists because as long as the present government continues with our full support, we are simply feeding the NLF and the Communists with those who refuse to sell their souls to Thieu and Ky and to the American presence. The NLF to them represents something that is at least Vietnamese, something nationalist. Thieu and Ky do not.

Very few with whom we talked eagerly anticipated a government that would include the NLF. They viewed "coalition" as a necessary alternative to their first choice—a middle-of-the-road government that would include neither the corrupt militarism of Thieu nor the communism that is part of the NLF. They recognize the terrorism that seems to be explicit in tactics of the communists, and they point especially to the destruction of Hue in 1968 as evidence of this. We were not talking with naive individuals who feel

the future panacea is to be found with the NLF. They don't prefer that. They want to be able to determine their own course and not be dominated by the American military presence.

Looking to the time when the war ultimately will end, do the South Vietnamese hope for American help in rebuilding?

Documents framed by some of the Buddhist groups indicate they simply want to be free to turn to any nation in the world, the U.S., Russia, China, or any other, for help. They point out



that their nation has been destroyed. Where once they exported rice, they now import it. Where once they had rich soil, they now do not because of defoliation. They feel that since the outside world has had a part in destroying their country, they are entitled to outside help to rebuild it.

Did you see evidence of the efforts by American churches to help relieve the suffering of the South Vietnamese people?

I visited sections of Saigon that are being rebuilt following the destruction of the Tet offensive in 1968. This is being done by Vietnam Christian Service, sponsored by the Mennonites and Church World Service. About half of the money comes from the United Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief (UMCOR) and about half of the personnel are United Methodists. Other service agencies are doing much the same. What I deeply resent is that I can't channel my tax dollars

through these groups rather than through the government that is putting me so substantially on the side of the interests that are destroying the nation instead of rebuilding it.

Are the church and other service groups able to do more than put a finger in the dike?

I hope that by their presence there, that by the investment which both the dollar and the person make possible, a nation is in part being rebuilt. But they cannot do the whole job. I think these are symbols that are redemptive and essential, but they are symbols only. The actual rebuilding is going to have to come from Washington and through action by the government of South Viet Nam.

Is there anything which the American churchman can do, apart from supporting this "redemptive" rebuilding work through UMCOR, which would help to bring about change in South Viet Nam?

Let me quote from a book I've been reading. The quote is what a Vietnamese said to an International Volunteer Service director who had resigned and was returning home: "Go back to America and explain what the war has done to our people. Peace can only be found in America."

I think there is a feeling on the part of many that until the people of America understand what is happening in Viet Nam, they will not put sufficient pressure on our administration to bring enough pressure upon the administration in South Viet Nam to effect the essential changes. And although our U.S. mission in Saigon washes its hands of this and says, "These are an autonomous people; we cannot presume to tell them what to do," the fact remains that at every level of Vietnamese life is the omnipresent American "advisor," and you just cannot separate the two.

I would hope that the American people can bring pressure through their elected representatives to change this. I hope President Nixon, as an honorable humanitarian and a sophisticated politician, will be sensitive to the desires of the American populace. The people of Viet Nam are turning to the American people for peace. □

Migrant Problems, Northern-Style

By WILLMON L. WHITE
Associate Editor

A BRIGHT spotlight produces an even blacker darkness outside its hot circle. So it is with migrant-worker problems in the North, where conditions have been largely obscured by the glare of publicity aimed at California, Texas, and Florida.

When the Mexican-American farm worker and his family migrates to northeastern and midwestern states, he finds more work and pleasant weather. But his life is very little better than where he makes his winter home near the Mexican border. Wages are inadequate, housing and other living conditions often are deplorable, and health care is substandard or nonexistent. In the North, as in the Southwest, he is the victim of a system that often—intentionally or not—discriminates, exploits, dehumanizes, and keeps him ever in his lowly, lonely place.

Michigan draws more migrant workers than any other state in the North—second only to Texas and California. Each summer more than 80,000 migrants stream into Michigan from the Southwest and Florida. About 75 percent are Spanish-speaking, 20 percent are Negroes from the deep South, and the remainder are poor whites from Appalachia. In old cars and new station wagons, in pickups, buses, and cattle trucks, they trundle in to hoe, prune, and pick. But mostly they come to pick. First the strawberries, then the cherries, pickles, apples, and tomatoes—about 25 fruits and vegetables in all.

The U.S. housewife is understandably concerned about rising food costs, particularly of fresh produce, but she still spends a smaller percentage of the family income on food than in any other country. The Michigan Civil Rights Commission



In a Michigan migrant camp, Mexican-American youngsters compete for the attention of Marj Byler, right, and Joyce Lehman. The two, a worker-friendly team for the state Migrant Ministry, share a migrant shack and earn living expenses in the fields.

has stated: "The conditions under which tens of thousands of field laborers, living in converted sheds, barns, chicken coops, and old schools and farmhouses, exist while working to grow and harvest food has concerned relatively few people—but the number is increasing. The poverty of these agricultural workers and their families is living evidence that the low food prices have been gained, partially, at the expense of these workers."

Michigan has one of the most progressive migrant-ministry programs in the nation. United Methodists (former EUBs and Methodists) long have been in the forefront of giving leadership and financial support to its efforts. This summer, about 34 full-time staff people are working with the Michigan Migrant Ministry (MMM). Eleven of them are United Methodists or Mexican nationals who are Methodists. Thirteen staffers are from other countries and several are seminarians or preministerial students. Their average age is 24.

Organized migrant ministry work in Michigan dates back two decades. Related to the Michigan Council of Churches, the Michigan Migrant Ministry has work in 20 of the Lower Peninsula's 68 counties. Program activities range from child day care in the camps for families working in the harvest to Christian worship, education, and evangelism. Pastoral services are provided for crisis situations in the camps, hospitals, and jails. Providing food,

finding jobs, and arranging for medical help are major efforts, but so is recreation—arranging youth canteens and family-night fiestas at the various community centers. At the state and federal level, the MMM works for just and enforced wage and housing codes for migrants.

Financial support for MMM's budget—totaling about \$23,000 this year—comes both from local congregations and from statewide church bodies. Church Women United provided more than one fourth of the total last year, and the state's United Methodists gave almost as much.

Early summer, just as the strawberries were coming ripe on the vine, I visited a two-county section of lower Michigan near Benton Harbor for a look at migrant problems, northern style. Berrien and Van Buren counties probably employ more migrants for their berries in June and cherries in July than any other farming sector in the northern states. Among my informants: migrant-ministry staff people, paid and volunteer; growers, some of them active in local migrant-ministry committees; United Methodist pastors; and settled former migrants who were Mexican-American community leaders. I spoke with Mexican-American labor contractors who are called crew leaders, with state social workers, and Roman Catholic nuns. The painful part was in the labor camps, meeting the migrants themselves, humble and proud, and their smiling, friendly children.

My guide and sometimes translator (most migrants can speak English but some will not) was Anderson (Andy) Hewitt, the 24-year-old program coordinator of the MMM. Andy, a United Methodist layman from Bowling Green, Ky., is a conscientious objector serving his two years of alternative service in the migrant ministry.

Wearing a wisp of a blond beard and a silver Christian fish symbol on a cotton string, Andy is tall, lean,

“Pick Me,” cried the boy from Sarawak!

Why should a hungry boy's pleas haunt you?

The same cry could come from the bent form of a South Indian mother . . . or the anguished frame of a tenant farmer. This same outburst springs from the father of a homeless household in Thailand. It pours from a disease-stricken resident of a United States ghetto.

Its echo rings from a dedicated, but ill-equipped, Christian Congolese. Human need is universal. Why then, pick and choose for your gift of a Methodist Annuity? The World Division and the National Division are in the unique position of recognizing and serving these universal needs. They have the experience and facility to administer annuity funds for the work of major missions throughout the world.

Including the boy from Sarawak!

For almost a century, the Methodist annuity has been recognized as a dependable source of lifetime income, and a productive way of underwriting the church's world mission. You may begin with as little as \$100. Your guaranteed income, ranging up to 8% for those advanced in years, begins immediately. For more information, fill in and mail coupon below.

WORLD DIVISION
and
NATIONAL DIVISION
of the
Board of Missions
of the

UNITED METHODIST CHURCH • 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027

Attention: Treasurer, Board of Missions

Please send me full information on:

- ☐ Wills and Bequests
☐ Guaranteed Life Income Annuity Plans

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

T-99





Strawberry harvesttime in Michigan draws thousands of migrant workers to the North. This housing is better than most.

quiet-spoken, quick to smile, and admittedly idealistic. Working out of Lansing, he travels the entire state in the summers in a pickup-camper and says he doesn't see enough of Julie. She is a fetching Cuban refugee whom he met at Scarritt College in Nashville and married a year ago. Both intended to become overseas missionaries but saw more need for their work here in the U.S.

In an isolated migrant camp late one afternoon, we met Marj Byler. With Joyce Lehman, she makes up one of the four worker-friendly teams who are attached to the MMM but live in the migrant camps, earn their own way in the fields like worker-priests, and identify with the migrants as completely as possible by sharing their harsh experiences. Marj, a sociology graduate from Goshen (Ind.) College and the daughter of Mennonite missionaries in Argentina, is spending her fourth summer among the migrants. Starting in September, she will take over Andy Hewitt's post.

Gesturing with berry-stained hands, Marj says that picking strawberries may seem idyllic but the work is hard and unreliable. In the previous week, she had earned a total of \$29.30. She rises each morning at 4:30 with a backache that doesn't go away. In her tar-paper shack, she brews a pot of coffee with water carried from a camp faucet 30 yards away in the direction of a horribly unsanitary and smelly outdoor toilet. An hour later, she rides off to

the fields in a truck with the other workers and will work maybe 2 hours, maybe 12, depending on the needs or whim of her employer.

Back at the camp in the evening, the brown children crowd around and in her cabin for games, stories, and songs—in fact, almost any show of attention and affection. She tries to keep a daily journal but the light is bad, there is no privacy, and she falls asleep bone tired in her jeans and sweatshirt. She falls asleep and dreams . . . dreams of giant, menacing strawberries.

Housing is clearly the most pressing need in Michigan, not only for seasonal farm workers but for low-income families in general who can and will man the growing number of industries nearby as migrant-labor needs gradually diminish in the wake of mechanized harvesting. Dave Moore, another United Methodist conscientious objector from East Aurora, N.Y., works out of the Keeler community farm worker center along with Eduardo Rodriguez, a Mexican national who attends Methodist-related Lydia Patterson Institute in El Paso, Texas.

Dave talks about the desperate need for decent shelter. Most cabins are provided free, but are not intended for winter use. Growers are disinclined to improve housing which may go out of use. Even though the migrant camps are required by law to be licensed, Dave says the state code is almost toothless and difficult to enforce. He tells

of one license notice which was displayed prominently (also required by law) but in a peculiar position. It covered a large rat hole.

Fidel Mireles, a former migrant now settled in Michigan, explained the importance of understanding the concept of *la raza*. Literally translated, it means "the race," but it carries the broader meaning of a people united by common customs and values. The appeal of groups like La Raza Unida (Mr. Mireles is local chapter president) and Cesar Chavez' AFL-CIO United Farm Workers Organizing Committee in California reaches beyond better wages and working conditions into the total life of the people. When farm jobs disappear, he believes, these organizations will still have an important role in building brown pride in history and culture. "Our people must work for what they need and want," he says, "not what the gringos want to give them."

Little or no organizing of farm workers has been done in Michigan. It seems to be coming, however, and many do not rule out a strike during harvesttime next summer. There is worker awareness and sympathy for the three-year national boycott

of California table grapes; you see bumper stickers and buttons shouting "Huelga!" (strike!).

John Babcock, a United Methodist district lay leader at Keeler and a respected Van Buren County grower, says growers are increasingly threatened by the specter of farm-labor unions. Some *should* be threatened, he thinks: "They get in the habit of picking up these people when they need them—just like any other tool—and laying them down when they don't. And they don't care what happens to them in between. Too many growers forget that the migrants plow about 90 percent of what they earn right back into our local economy."

"Growers are scared to death of unions because they are raising perishables," said Mr. Babcock. "If a strike comes, they cannot make up a lost crop the next year. Some stand to lose their farms as well. Profit margins have never been slimmer. This accelerates the trend toward mechanization and speeds up the demise of the small grower. Growers have associations but they have rarely been able to add the additional cost of the crop to the price they receive. The law of supply and demand still governs, and the grower is often at the mercy of the processor."

Obviously, growers have their own problems. Russell Handy is co-chairman with his wife of the Berrien County Migrant Ministry Committee; they donated the land on which the Sodus community hospitality center for migrants stands. Mr. Handy showed me the spraying schedule for his fruit orchards—17 applications in all. In early June, his cherries were severely damaged by a hailstorm; last year there were no cherries at all because of a late spring freeze.

Andy Hewitt does his best to appreciate the growers' situation, and is on good terms with most of them, but says he still must stand unequivocally with the migrant worker: "I've

never seen a grower who couldn't feed his family, who couldn't provide decent shelter and clothing, send his kids to school, and somehow obtain proper medical care. They can borrow at the banks and take other jobs if necessary. Many of them manage a two-week winter vacation to Florida. Growers have power. Workers are powerless. You have to put yourself down on the side of human suffering no matter how logical the grower may lay out his argument about his economic problems."

Desi Ortiz knows about that suffering. He experienced it firsthand as a migrant. This summer, however, the senior at Pan American College in the Rio Grande Valley is a "harvester" (summer community worker) for the Michigan Migrant Ministry. Desi lives in and works out of the Sodus community center, the site of a day-care center and a gathering spot for Latin and Negro youth. In the center's VW microbus we drove into some of the worst migrant camps. At one, we found a young Negro woman with seven small children. She had arrived from Louisiana three weeks before, worked only two days,

and then became ill. There was no food in the rickety little shanty, and she sat on a filthy mattress and looked out at her bleak world as if from a dark dungeon. Desi took immediate steps to get her food stamps and medicine.

Desi waved at every teen-ager we passed along the roadside and pointed out several makeshift bars where migrants come to listen to the jukeboxes and drink their troubles and wages away.

"You know, people are not animals," said Desi. "A dog, you can treat him bad, then pat him, give him food, and he is still your friend. People are something else, you know. Someday maybe they start to hit back. Too much oppression. The days of slavery in America are supposed to be over." A pause. "First these people are suspicious of us, you know. They can't believe somebody wants to help them for no reason. After a while we convince them, you know, that we just want to be their friends and help any way we can. Not black or brown or white. Just a guy who truly cares about them. When we really establish full



At the Keeler community farm-worker center, Migrant Ministry staffers Andy Hewitt and Dave Moore, both United Methodists, chat with Catholic nuns who operate a health clinic and day-care center for migrant children.



How Your Gifts Can Help Sri Lai Fight Leprosy

Yes, Sri Lai has leprosy . . . but look at her smile! No "leprosy compound" for her. No hiding in the jungle.

She can be treated at an out-patient clinic. She can live a normal life, thanks to early diagnosis.

Yet her personal fight against leprosy is only beginning. Treatment will be long and expensive. She will battle both a disease—and sadly enough ignorance and fear, when people learn of her plight.

Your gifts to American Leprosy Missions will help children and adults like Sri Lai fight the dread night of leprosy—without being "put away" or shut off from human love.

Won't you join the fight against superstition by sending your contribution to us? Today?

O. W. Hasselblad, M.D.
American Leprosy Missions, Inc.
297 Park Avenue South
New York, N. Y. 10010

Yes, I want to help leprosy sufferers like Sri Lai. Here is my gift of \$_____.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Please send me more information about your ☐ films ☐ program packet.

Your gifts are tax deductible.

T-99

confidence in one another we can start to change some things in a Christian way. The kids in the camps ask me about my silver fish medallion and I tell them about the early Christians. They say, 'Hey, man. That's cool. How do we get in that club?'

Berrien Springs United Methodist Church is one congregation in the area which has made a commendable effort to educate and involve local church people in the lives of migrants. The Rev. David Lutz, pastor there last summer, told of the church's participation in Project Friendship, an MMM-initiated program to make migrants feel welcome in the community and to develop community-migrant friendships.

About 35 members of the congregation, ranging in age from 6 to 80, made 12 weekly visits to a nearby migrant camp for recreation, conversation, refreshments, and friendship. The response far exceeded what Mr. Lutz expected. He remembers the first traumatic night they went out:

"The camp seemed deserted but about 100 eyes were peering out at us. One little boy came out, then his mother, and finally the whole camp turned out. Over the weeks we developed a Christian rapport and got to know them not as migrant workers but as people. We didn't bring baskets or gifts. Just ourselves. And we received as much as we gave."

The idea of both giving and receiving is exactly what Project Friendship is intended to offer, say MMM leaders. If a migrant needs a sense of belonging, to know that he is accepted as a friend and welcomed into the community where he works, so also does the resident churchman need to become involved in "living mission" beyond the program of his own church. Project leaders call it "a need to become more sensitive to the face of Christ as we see him in the strangers among us."

Local churchmen are encouraged also to help find jobs and permanent housing for migrants who wish to remain in a Michigan community year around instead of returning to a wintering place in the South.

Dave Lutz sees it as an indictment of local churches that migrant-ministry workers must be paid to come in from the outside to do the churches' work. If help to migrants is to continue in coming years

as the paid migrant ministry fades from the scene, he believes, local people must assume responsibility. "If we don't do it, nobody will."

The Keeler community is one where a tense, fragile understanding exists among state migrant-ministry staffers, growers who are paying churchmen, and the migrants themselves. Says Keeler United Methodist Pastor Meredith Rupe:

"We hope we can keep the channels of communication open and prevent a break and polarization of the attitudes. We have a responsibility to minister to growers as well as the migrants." It often turns out, he adds, that the most active church people, including many prominent growers, support the local migrant ministry, while those who contribute little or nothing to the churches are critical of any effort to help workers. He stressed the need to abandon paternalism: "Programs should be developed from the concerns and interests of the migrants themselves."

Andy Hewitt agrees wholeheartedly. "The time has simply got to come when migrant Mexican-Americans can go to one another for help rather than to Anglos, humbly and with hat in hand. Through organizations like La Raza Unida they have to find their own roots and identity and come to grips with their own problems. Then they can call upon state agencies and church groups and say: 'These are our problems. These are our needs. Will you help us?' I think the whole role of both the state and the church regarding poor people generally must shift to one of servanthood and get away from the big-daddy stance."

Mexican-Americans, many of them migrant workers in Michigan, are stirring as if from a long siesta. They are beginning to feel their own power and, like black people, put pressure on the conscience of America. Desi Ortiz summed it up:

"Man, we want to change some history. We can do it!" □

COURT AGREES TO REVIEW CHURCH TAX EXEMPTIONS

A publicity-shy lawyer in the Bronx and his \$100 22-by-29-foot lot on Stoten Island, N.Y., stand in the center of what may be a historic lawsuit involving churches and real-estate taxes.

The U.S. Supreme Court has agreed to consider, in its session to begin in October, the claim of attorney Frederick Wolz that the U.S. Constitution forbids tax exemption of property used for religious purposes.

The *New York Times* disclosed that Mr. Wolz's vacant lot is evaluated at \$100 and that he pays property taxes of \$5.24 per year on it. The newspaper added that in the two years since Mr. Wolz began his legal action in New York state courts he has never been seen in court but has pursued his case through mailed, written briefs.

Mr. Wolz holds that his property carries an unfair tax burden because of tax exemptions granted to religious bodies. This, he holds, is in violation of his right of "religious freedom." The New York Court of Appeals rejected Mr. Wolz's claim in February, noting that American courts have consistently upheld tax exemptions on properties used exclusively for religious purposes.

An official of the U.S. Catholic Conference (USCC) expressed surprise that the Supreme Court had decided to review constitutionality of New York state laws exempting churches from taxes. USCC General Council William R. Considine noted that the Supreme Court has rejected similar cases in an unbroken line since 1877, including two other cases in the 1960s.

The Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America, the nation's largest synagogue body, said it will file a friend-of-court brief with the Supreme Court, opposing removal of traditional exemption from real-estate taxes for places of worship.

Looking to the Supreme Court's fall decision, the Philadelphia *Bulletin* provided a local angle to the national story, revealing that tax-exempt church land and property in that city is valued at \$147 million. This, said the newspaper, includes property of Arch Street United Methodist Church valued at \$645,700 and property of United Methodism's Philadelphia Conference valued at \$453,100.

In addition to the Supreme

Court's unprecedented decision to hear a case involving tax exemptions on religious property, the National Council of Churches and the U.S. Catholic Conference last spring jointly told the U.S. House Ways and Means Committee that exemptions should end on churches' unrelated business income. This is similar to a position voted by the 1968 United Methodist General Conference in Dallas, Texas.

GENERAL FUNDS LAG BEHIND SCHEDULE

Through the first five months of 1969, receipts in United Methodism's general funds were running far behind schedule.

A report issued denomination wide by the Council on World Service and Finance showed these totals through May 31:

World Service Fund: Receipts, \$7.3 million; annual apportionment this quadrennium, \$25 million.

Administration Fund: Receipts, \$447,443; annual apportionment, \$1.5 million.

Interdenominational Co-operation Fund: Receipts, \$215,953; annual apportionment, \$777,787.

(A June 30 report from the council's office showed a 6-month World Service total of \$9,193,802 toward the annual goal of \$25 million. Although almost \$2 million was received in June, the fund remained short of a prorated schedule).

Accompanying the five-month report was a letter from R. Bryon Browner, general secretary and treasurer of the Council on World Service and Finance. Mr. Browner noted "actual receipts are significantly below apportionments" and said the fiscal position of each of the general funds "merits the closest attention and best efforts of all concerned." A further report was scheduled for August.

The report from Mr. Browner's office also included these figures on one fund not on apportionments:

Fund for Reconciliation: Paid in the fiscal year June 1, 1968-December 31, 1968—\$231,999; paid in fiscal year January 1, 1969-May 31, 1969—\$782,836. [Note: Denominational goal for this fund for the 1968-72 quadrennium is \$20 million.]

Mr. Browner's letter noted that, because of the changing dates for the denomination's fiscal year this year, there is no style or pattern of giving with which to compare. But he urged study by "everyone



In Saigon, U.S. chaplains who share a single bulletin board wanted something more than a schedule to catch the eyes of their Leatherneck congregations. Navy Lt. Gordon E. Garthe (left), United Methodist chaplain from Traverse City, Mich., came up with the idea of posting humorous comments. Here he watches a young private post a "thought for the day."

with particular responsibilities for funding the general boards, agencies, and programs of the church."

The World Service Fund is assigned by the *Discipline* as the "first benevolent responsibility of the church." The General Administration Fund provides for expenses of General Conferences, the Judicial Council, and other agencies. The Interdenominational Co-operation Fund includes United Methodist delegate expenses to National and World Councils of Churches.

The future of still another United Methodist benevolence program, the Advance, came into question this summer in a book written by an officer of the Program Council.

In *Mission by Choice*, Edwin H. Maynard says the program that has yielded more than \$145 million in the past 20 years must be reshaped to meet changing times.

Mr. Maynard, editorial director of the Program Council's Division of Interpretation, says the key issue is the donor's right to specify where his gift will be used.

His book asks, "When a donor's choice specifies the purpose of his gift, does he thereby deny choice to someone at the place where the work is being done?"

AMERICAN VIEW MIXED ON BRITISH UNION LOSS

Though there was no direct American United Methodist involvement in the proposed first stage of union between British Methodists and the Church of England this summer, denominational leaders in this country expressed no surprise that the proposition failed.

What they did express was a mixture of disappointment and satisfaction.

The first stage of a plan of union between Methodism in its motherland and the Anglican church failed when the Anglican Convocations of Canterbury and York gave it only 69 percent approval. The British Methodist Conference, in contrast, gave the proposal a favorable vote of 77.4 percent. Approval by 75 percent vote was necessary from each.

At stake was only the first stage in a proposed plan of union. Actual organic union would not have been put to vote until years later. The first stage would have permitted mutual recognition of each other's ministries and would have established an episcopal system of government for British Methodists.

The archbishop of Canterbury, Michael Ramsey, said he was delighted with the Methodists' vote and felt his own church convocations' vote "is good enough to look forward to the same proposals being put forward in the not too distant future."

United Methodist Bishop James K. Mathews of Boston, chairman of the Consultation on Church Union (COCU), said he shared the archbishop's hopes that the result will be different "another time around." Adding that he thought it would have been better for the union to have been fulfilled, Bishop Mathews said, "I'm sure the feeling of our Methodist brethren in Britain is one of a rejected suitor." (Anglicans initiated the union conversations 14 years ago).

Reacting similarly was Dr. Albert C. Outler, ranking world ecumenist and professor of historical theology at Southern Methodist University's Perkins School of Theology. Calling the turndown "a tragic setback, but only a setback," Dr. Outler said, "This cannot stop the cause of union, and sooner or later they will resume the negotiations and bring them off."

Dr. Outler was joined by Dr. Robert Huston, general secretary of United Methodism's Commission on Ecumenical Affairs, in expressing pleasure that British Methodists voted affirmatively. Dr. Huston said COCU learned from mistakes in the British scheme and predicted no adverse effect on his commission's work.

The World Methodist Council's American secretary, Dr. Lee F. Tuttle of Lake Junaluska, N.C., said he doubted the failure would make British Methodists any more open to union discussion with American Methodists. He predicted, instead, a strengthened council, with British Methodists continuing with Methodists in other parts of the world "in a volunteer organization of equals."

Dr. Charles C. Parlin, a World Methodist Council vice-president and a former World Council of Churches president, said he hoped that when Britons resume negotiations that it will be on a world basis. "I have always felt," the New York attorney added, "that the thrust of the ecumenical movement should be on a world basis and that groupings of churches by nations—that is, under national flags and economics and political policies—was not the best for the ecumenical movement."



John Wesley College, shown here in an architect's model, represents a new concept in education. The college is viewed as a compromise between traditional patterns of Christian education in this country of separate religious colleges and the more recent trend to affiliate Catholic and Protestant seminaries and colleges with a single large university or educational complex while retaining their autonomy. The Rev. Kenneth Armstrong, Nazarene educator who launched plans for the new college, says it will be truly ecumenical, not Methodist or Nazarene.

MISSION GUIDES ADVISE: GET IN, WORK, GET OUT

The church must not only "go where the action is," it must also eventually turn part of the action over to the community, say guidelines recently adopted by the Board of Missions' National Division.

The theory is that what is essential for the church is for it to begin innovating programs that eventually will belong to the community. The division cited Goodwill Industries as an example of work begun as a Methodist endeavor but now community supported.

Those who feel United Methodism should continue to hold tight to all its institutions and projects were acknowledged in the guidelines, but the missions statement said such persons seldom ask how much money would be required to keep these under denominational control and ownership.

The division's policy statement lists two ways the church can move government and the community-at-large into creating social welfare and health services. The first, it noted, is by going into a place of need and beginning a service. The second involves active church support of movements led by political authorities.

The guidelines warn that to carry out this philosophy, churches will need to commit more funds, not less, to converting social structures.

PACIFIC PROJECTS GET BOARD FUNDS

Under a policy adopted in 1968, the United Methodist Board of Missions has given \$110,000 to interdenominational projects in two Pacific areas where there is no United Methodist work as such.

Allocations include \$100,000 to a Young Women's Christian Association hospital in Suva, Fiji, and \$10,000 to a Christian training center in Rabaul, New Britain, off the New Guinea coast.

Money for the Fiji project comes from World War II damage claims and will be channeled through the World Council of Churches' Asia department. Methodism in Fiji is related to the Methodist Church of Australasia.

The board's 1968 policy states that United Methodism will work wherever possible with and through existing churches and ecumenical agencies rather than start new work on a denominational basis.

Manifesto: How to Respond?

As summer waned, United Methodists searched for the best response to the Black Manifesto without seeming to agree whether that response should best come from an ad hoc group or from some traditional, *Discipline*-authorized body.

At least two calls had been issued for the Council of Bishops to meet as soon as possible to lead the denomination's response. That council's executive committee decided in early June, however, to call a consultation of United Methodist executive and administrative leaders in early September to focus on the Fund for Reconciliation. The executive committee also repudiated the Manifesto's ideology and rejected its accompanying demands.

One call came from another high-level group, the Council of Secretaries. That council, made up of the denomination's highest staff officials, also authorized one of its committees to examine the manifesto and report with recommendations to the Council of Secretaries' meeting November 11-12 in New York.

Another call upon the Council of Bishops came from an ad hoc but top-level group of some 30 chairmen and top executives of eight program or administrative agencies. Meeting in late June in Washington, D.C., that group requested a special session of the Council of Bishops "for the purpose of leading the church in a meaningful understanding of, and response to, the implications of the Black Manifesto."

A suggestion for a broader meeting came from the Board of Missions' executive committee. That board's two highest officers, Bishop Lloyd C. Wicke, president, and Dr. Tracey K. Jones, Jr., general secretary, called for a meeting of the Council of Bishops, the Council of Secretaries, the Program Council, and the Council on World Service and Finance.

The unifying point in these calls was that though only the Board of Missions had been confronted directly with demands of the Black Manifesto and its supporters, the issues involved are of concern to the total denomination.

Reevaluation of programs and reordering of priorities also were being widely suggested. The Board

of Missions, in its planned \$300,000 for black economic development (termed inadequate by manifesto supporters), said each of its three divisions would be asked for \$100,000 by shifting program funds and priorities.

The executives meeting in Washington said that United Methodists, from general boards and agencies to local churches, should reorder priorities to make "substantial funds and resources" available for community development under black leadership.

There also was some question about channeling of funds. The Board of Missions proposed that the denomination's black bishops and the board's black members determine uses of its \$300,000, but at least one black bishop declined to serve. A conference of new and furloughed missionaries asked the Board of Missions to reconsider that method of channeling funds.

Black Methodists for Church Renewal (BMCR) called for United Methodists to study the manifesto, take it seriously, and contribute to black economic development. BMCR also formed a manifesto task force.

In much of the discussion of United Methodist response to the Black Manifesto, there were references either back to or ahead to General Conferences.

The Washington ad hoc meeting was reminded of such statements as these, adopted by the 1968 General Conference for the 1968-72 Quadrennial Program:

"The church must listen intently to the groups who are caught up in [the crisis], among them the black community . . . the poor of every ethnic group. . . .

"To move forthrightly for the purpose of confronting this crucial issue we recommend . . . making substantial amounts of money available for investment in low-yield income-producing enterprises which serve the poor . . . we structure our procedures so as to gear in with . . . vital segments of the black community."

There also was the prediction in Washington by one bishop that the 1970 special session of the General Conference, whose necessity had been questioned by the Council of Bishops, among others, will be one of the denomination's most historic.

ECUMENISTS TO TEST WIDER COOPERATION

If Pope Paul's early-June visit to World Council of Churches headquarters marked the high point of ecumenism's year 1969, a North American conference in 1970 may be one of the first testing places for ecumenism's increasingly wider co-operation.

The WCC's director of communications, the Rev. Albert van den Heuvel, said the Pope's visit will stimulate "deeper development of the ecumenical movement on all levels." Another WCC official, Dr. Lukas Vischer, cautioned, though, that there still are "serious difficulties" standing between the Roman Catholic Church and any application for WCC membership.

Catholic participation is expected in a 1970 North American Study Conference to be sponsored by the National Council of Churches. Although described as "far short" of an ecumenical council of the church in North America, the conference will be open to representatives of churches other than NCC members and to denominations from Canada, the Caribbean, and Mexico.

With a study conference one of the agreed activities for 1970, new and broader ecumenical groupings continued to be the style for 1969.

The Arizona Ecumenical Council was established with Roman Catholic representation and including churches from the former Arizona Council of Churches, becoming the second such agency in the United States. The Texas Conference of Churches was formed in early 1969 with similar membership, including a Greek Orthodox diocese.

The Wisconsin Council of Churches approved guidelines for an organization to become effective in January, 1970, designed to attract wider participation by non-council members, including Roman Catholics. The new structure will permit church bodies to pick which council activities they wish to support, beyond limited basic programs approved by all. Denominations that support one or more special programs will be known as associate members.



Among those who met Pope Paul during his visit to headquarters of the World Council of Churches was Dr. Gerald Moede (facing camera). Dr. Moede, a Methodist theologian with the WCC faith and order secretariat, represented Bishop Paul N. Garber, World Methodist Council's Geneva office executive secretary. The Pope gave copies of texts of Vatican Council II to the churchmen.

LAY EDUCATION STRESSED TO SEMINARY LEADERS

The first convocation of United Methodist theological faculties in 10 years learned recently that the something-new, something-old formula still rings true.

There is still need for better understanding of ministry among laymen as well as the clergy, the convocation was told by Dean Robert E. Cushman of Duke University Divinity School. He declared that clergy have "hogged the ministry for more than 1,500 years, perhaps from the beginning.

"Unless education for ministry includes the laity, we are picking up the stick at the wrong end. The only effectual way to turn the church 'inside out' is to prepare laymen to assume their ministry to the world instead of equipping them for sundry services in the custodial order of acolytes."

New to this convocation was an emphasis on black awareness. Dr. Evans E. Crawford, Jr., dean of the Howard University chapel, said,

"Being black is not a sudden discovery, but there is an actual experience of being born again when you accept yourself and your blackness. As black ministers affirming our own blackness, we must do it in such a way as to encourage others to find their own ethnic identity and their own identity."

The convocation also heard Dean Walter G. Muelder of Boston University School of Theology say one of the principal tasks of a theological school should be to "educate prophets who accept and practice the disciplines of responsible protest and criticism."

The convocation, attended by some 230 faculty members from the 14 United Methodist seminaries, was sponsored in Washington, D.C., by the Board of Education's Department of the Ministry.

United Methodists in the News

Dr. T. Winston Cole, Sr., president of United Methodist-related Wiley College, Marshall, Texas, was named by President Nixon to the 10-man Commission on Presidential Scholars.

Dr. Kermit Long, Nashville, Tenn., former associate general secretary of the Board of Evangelism, has been appointed to the pastorate of First United Methodist Church, North Hollywood, Calif.

Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., of Princeton, N.J., was reelected president and the Rev. David W. Gockley of Westport, Conn., was promoted to executive vice-president of Religion in American Life (RIAL).

Captain Francis L. Garrett, 50, has been chosen as rear admiral selectee for the Navy Chaplain Corps. He assumes the new rank in 1970.

The Rev. Larry L. Bowyer, Centuria, Kans., has been chosen to receive the 1969 United Methodist scholarship to the Graduate School of Ecumenical Studies near Geneva, Switzerland.

Francis L. Dale, president and publisher of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, has been named an industry chairman of National Bible Week, to be observed Thanksgiving Week.

DEATHS: Dr. F. Ernest Johnson, retired executive of the National Council of Churches and a leading authority on religion and education, July 4 . . . Dr. John F. Olson, president, United Methodist-related Oklahoma City University, June 25.

\$100 MILLION ASKED FOR HIGHER EDUCATION

United Methodists made a mockery of the traditional summer slump in higher education, getting involved in such things as a \$100-million fund drive and opposition to proposed federal legislation on campus disorders.

Following three years of organization, the National Methodist Foundation for Christian Higher Education named a director, elected trustees, and launched a drive in which churchmen will be asked to give \$100 million to the college or university of their choice, any combination of institutions, or to all of them.

First executive director of the foundation is Dr. Maurice E. Gordon, former executive director of the Kansas Methodist Foundation. Nearly \$200,000 has been received by the foundation since its chartering in 1965.

Fear of withholding of funds was one of the bases of testimony by two United Methodist executives before a House committee considering federal legislation to regulate campus disorders.

Dr. A. Dudley Ward, general secretary, Board of Christian Social Concerns, and Dr. Myron F. Wicke, general secretary, Board of Education's Division of Higher Education, told the committee each college administration should be encouraged to develop and enforce its own code of conduct. They added, "The threat of withholding federal funds . . . holds within it the present and future possibility of unwarranted government control and invasion of academic freedom."

Dr. Wicke also keynoted the 21st Institute of Higher Education sponsored by his division. He called for radical renewal within the college community, saying there is hope for a better society if there are better campuses.

Another speaker told the institute the traditional concept of education is outdated and bears little resemblance to reality. Dr. Thomas F. Green, of United Methodist-related Syracuse (N.Y.) University, said the greatest growth is not taking place in the traditional educational system but in what he termed periphery education. He defined this as organizational, propriety, antipoverty, correspondence, television, and adult education.

Dr. Green also forecast the proportion of college graduates in

the population would not continue to increase but would stabilize at about 20 percent with more of those having advanced degrees.

STRUCTURE DISCUSSION REQUESTED AT BALTIMORE

The 1970 special session of the General Conference will be asked to give "a significant block of time" to discuss basic issues involved in restructuring The United Methodist Church.

Call for the discussion came from the Structure Study Commission, designated by the 1968 General Conference to recommend new structures for the denomination at the 1972 General Conference. A progress report is expected at the 1970 session in Baltimore, Md.

In its first year the commission met seven times, primarily listening to churchmen discuss strengths and problems of present United Methodist structures. Discussion topics have included relationships between general boards and agencies and annual conferences, local churches, and the Council of Bishops.

The commission has named a former missionary, the Rev. Paul McCleary, as its executive secretary for the remainder of the 1968-72 quadrennium and has established offices in Evanston, Ill. It is one of four study commissions established by the 1968 General Conference. Others are dealing with social principles, doctrine, and relations with former Evangelical United Brethren congregations which did not enter United Methodism.

CENTURY CLUB

Eight women join the Century Club this month. They are:

Mrs. Emma Carson, 100, Macomb, Ill.

Mrs. Nellie Comstock, 100, Port Chester, N.Y.

Mrs. Bertha A. Ferreira, 100, Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. Virtue Palmer Ingram, 100, St. Petersburg, Fla.

Mrs. Sarah Moss, 100, Paris, Ill.

Mrs. Ellen B. Strong, 100, Johnson City, Tenn.

Mrs. Belle Underwood, 100, Goodland, Kans.

Katherine Du Val, 100, Morton Grove, Ill.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where a member, and its location.

'MOTIVE' CONTINUED UNDER NEW EDITORS

motive magazine will be continued. The controversial student journal published seven times annually by the United Methodist Board of Education will be given another chance.

The board's executive committee, in making the announcement, affirmed the need for a magazine "through which the church may speak to today's colleges and universities."

The committee noted that while it was voting to continue *motive* it had not voted "to perpetuate the recent past."

For the first time in its 28-year history, it will have a non-Methodist editor. He is Robert E. Maurer, layman of the United Church of Christ and a Union Theological Seminary graduate. The Rev. James H. Stentzel, new managing editor, is an ordained United Methodist.

The executive committee expressed its complete confidence in Dr. Myron F. Wicke, general secretary of the Division of Higher Education, whose administrative decisions as *motive* publisher postponed the printing of the May issue. Dr. Wicke stopped the printing of that issue because of language he termed "clearly obscene."

motive came under fire following its combined March-April "Liberation of Women" issue which included several "four-letter" words.

Mr. Maurer succeeds the Rev. B. J. Stiles who resigned last September because of what he termed "subtle editorial pressures."

MAGAZINES ADD NEWS ASSOCIATE

A 34-year-old pastor-writer, the Rev. James Campbell, has been named an associate news editor on staffs of TOGETHER and the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE magazines.

Member of the Northern Illinois Conference, the North Carolina native's appointment was announced jointly by Bishop Thomas F. Pryor of the Chicago Area and Dr. Ewing T. Wayland, the magazines' editorial director.

Mr. Campbell is a graduate of Shaw University in Raleigh, N.C., and of Gammon Seminary in Atlanta, Ga.

Dr. Wayland said the addition of Mr. Campbell gives the magazines an opportunity for greater depth coverage "of some of the major issues before the church."

Do We 'Enjoy' Our Sickness?

PSYCHIATRY defines masochism as that perverted state in which a person derives pleasure in being an object of punishment. Thus, a masochist is a neurotic person who "enjoys taking a beating." He revels in being abused. This tragic kind of sickness is sometimes evident in the church today.

Certainly as never before the church today needs to examine itself and its actions (or inaction) rigorously. It must listen earnestly even to its most abrasive and abusive critics. It must submit itself to the most demanding appraisal of its weaknesses and failures. Excessive narcissism (self-love) is as pathological as masochism. No Pollyanna Christianity is adequate for our revolutionary times.

But how wearisome are these meetings for churchmen which trot out for public display everything that is wrong with the church and ignore anything that is right with the church.

Masochistic cultists obediently "oh" and "ah" when one of their high priests slashes out at the body of the church—tearing its flesh, fracturing its frame, spilling its vital organs—only to follow the "assault with intent to kill" by a vaunted analysis of why the patient is sick unto death.

The authenticity of the diagnosis is subject to question.

Some unfortunate people have a neurotic fascination for sickness and for death. They "enjoy" an illness for years and revel in giving everyone a detailed account of their latest "mortal" combat with pain. They recount with relish the inability of learned physicians to treat their special diseases.

Similarly, there are those pietistic souls who practice their personal religion by constantly feeling their spiritual pulses, who repeatedly ask themselves, "Well, how am I feeling today?" Feeding their egos on neurotic guilt, they take delight in berating themselves for their deviation from devotion. And so they engage in futile self-flagellations of the spirit.

But the corporate expression of such neurotic religion is no better. There is something pathetically pathological about churchmen who too eagerly listen to lurid descriptions of the sickness of the church . . . who love nothing more than to anticipate funeral dirges over an ecclesiastical corpus . . . who compulsively run to conferences where in all its grisly details the sickness of the church is described with great relish.

Too often, listening to savage denunciations is a perverted pleasure, a convenient mechanism by which the church's guilt feelings are drained off so that it can continue to function without any real renewal. This was true of the hellfire preaching of yesteryear. And it could be true of the way we hear the threatening rhetoric of reparations, rebellion, riots, and revolution today.

After enduring the blistering attack, even savoring it, we "men of God" sit down—no action, no change of any significant life-style, no personal or corporate involvement in meeting the anguished cries of human need in our communities and in our world.

And so our program committees go on securing as speakers some "professional" angry young man who believes the "offense of the gospel" is to be found in spitting four-letter words into the shocked ears of some of his more sensitive hearers while proclaiming the church is dying. The masochist delights in absorbing his abusive ecclesiology. He secures emotional gratification in seeing the disturbed audience writhe in discomfort.

Certainly there is much about the institutional church which is inadequate, antiquated, and inefficient. Often in the church, communications break down, structures are clumsy, powers are abused, hypocrisy is an ever-present temptation. Furthermore, the church has too often complied in the sins of the prevailing culture, too much shamefully given its blessing to the injustices of society.

But when you are sick, you don't simply grovel in self-abasement. You call in the doctor! Accurate analysis of symptoms is needed. Skillful diagnosis of the illness is essential. Therapy, perhaps even radical surgery, is called for. This is realism.

The most pathological thing you can do is to revel in your illness—or to hold continual postmortems over a presumed corpse which, given a chance, might begin to show hopeful signs of revival. This is sickness indeed. This is masochism.

The Old Testament prophets scathingly criticized Israel because they loved her, knowing that God loved her. The truly prophetic voice in today's church criticizes it because he loves it . . . because under the renewing power of the Holy Spirit he believes there is hope for the church . . . because rather than despising the church he sees the church as the "people of God" potentially and actually—an instrument of God's purpose in the world.

One of the healthiest things today's church can do is to hear well the very worst that can be said about itself, the human condition, and the outlook for the future. But it must not pathologically linger long over such lamentations.

The church must never forget who it is in God's mission. If the church is really to be the body of Christ in the world, it can and must get into motion. It must be renewed over and again—not by self-recrimination—but by God's Spirit as it actively and joyfully involves itself in obedience to God and the service of man.¹

—Your Editors

¹ Adapted from *Church and Home* and used by permission.—Your Editors



James Rhett Jackson:

Furniture Dealer—Plus

Text by Martha A. Lane / Pictures by George P. Miller

HE WAS BORN and reared in South Carolina. He dresses conservatively (except to go fishing), runs a successful furniture business, and calls his wife "Sweet Pea" when she phones him at the office. But in other ways soft-spoken James Rhett Jackson, 44, does not fit the stereotype of a white, Southern businessman.

For one thing he admits to being a liberal Republican. He is also a liberal Christian—eager to see the now-separate Negro and white United Methodist Conferences of South Carolina fully integrated; anxious for the church to work closely with government agencies when necessary; and active as a proponent of humanizing the state

penal system—including abolishing capital punishment.

Rhett was born in Florence, about 90 miles from his present home on the outskirts of Columbia. He has a twin brother, three older brothers, and one sister. After finishing high school in Florence, he enrolled at Clemson, a land-grant college in the northwestern part of the state. Shortly thereafter, in 1942, he joined the Navy. "I was six feet tall and underweight then," Rhett recalls. "I ate bananas all night and made it by half a pound."

He spent two years at the University of South Carolina in Columbia, thanks to the Navy's V-12 training program, went on to midshipman's school in New York City,

Rhett Jackson seldom does just one thing at a time. Above, he talks on the telephone while receiving a morning report from store manager W. H. Byler. Minutes later he is in the showroom of his 30,000-square-foot Columbia store (below), chatting with a salesman.





Rhett and Betty love sports, particularly football. At left they cheer hopefully for the University of South Carolina basketball team—but powerful North Carolina won. After the game, Rhett and former coach Warren Giese tape a session for their radio sports show while Betty patiently waits. Her children grown and her husband frequently at meetings, she has many solitary hours.



served another year, and at World War II's end came back to Columbia to marry Betty Culler, whom he had met on a blind date at a fraternity party.

Rhett was graduated from the university in electrical engineering, a subject he had taken because his three older brothers were engineers and he did not know what else to try. "I never was a good engineering student," he says. "I worked three months as an engineer. Then my wife's daddy put me into the furniture business." There now are two Rhett Jackson, Inc., Fine Furniture stores—in Columbia and in North, about 30 miles away.

One day about seven years ago, Rhett received a telephone call that was to change much of his life. "A friend who was teaching art in the state penitentiary [in Columbia] called and asked me to meet a prisoner who was to be released," he recalls. "My friend told me, 'This boy looks like a human being that's really got a chance.' So in the morning I went down to the prison, naively thinking the state took care of these fellows and gave them some money and a suit of clothes and helped them find a job. When I met the boy I said, 'Let's take inventory. Let's see what you have to go into the world with.' He had a pair of dungarees and a shirt, \$2.40 in his pocket, a shaving brush, and some shaving cream. Those were his total assets. I told him: 'You can't possibly make it with that. No one could. I've got a college education, but with no friends or relatives and what you have



Rhett is deeply concerned with the treatment and rehabilitation of prisoners. As president of the Alston Wilkes Society, which works with released prisoners, he periodically visits the state penitentiary in Columbia. Above he talks with Warden James Strickland (center) and Parker Evatt, Alston Wilkes' executive director. Below he visits John Zanone, director of the society's halfway house.

there, I couldn't make it either—even if I got lucky.'

"That was a morning I'll never forget. I couldn't get that kid out of my mind. So a few days later I went to see the director of prisons. I found out that there were a hundred people leaving the penitentiary every month not much better equipped than that boy—even though the state of South Carolina has one of the best rehabilitation programs in the country. The director also told me about the Alston Wilkes Society, a volunteer group that helps released prisoners. I had heard about it, but never had been interested in it until I met that young man."

The Alston Wilkes Society is named in honor of a Methodist minister who first helped released prisoners on an individual basis in the 1950s. Now a 2,600-member organization, it works to improve prison conditions, to aid former inmates in finding jobs and housing, to help them rebuild their family lives, and to find acceptance for them in the community.

"Alston Wilkes hasn't yet had a man come out of the penitentiary needing employment that we couldn't place," Rhett says. He ought to know. For four years he has been president of the society's board of directors.

Parker Evatt, also a United Methodist and a long-time friend of the Jacksons, is Alston Wilkes' executive director. "There were 80 to 85 members in the society when Rhett was elected president," he recalls. "He's gotten a lot of people involved. Today it is the biggest prisoner-aid



organization in the world. Rhett speaks for the society all over the state on his own time and at his own expense, mostly to church groups and civics clubs."

Mr. Evatt credits Betty Jackson for much of Rhett's success. "Behind every great man there's a great woman," he points out. "Betty has been a strong supporter of his work in the society, even though it has taken a great deal of time away from the family. She's always been so interested in what he's doing."

Rhett proudly describes his wife as "an excellent cook—and she raised two pretty good children." Jim, 19, is a sophomore honor student at Davidson College in North Carolina. Kay, 22, now Mrs. Edward J. Bischoffberger, works in a Columbia bank.

"My love is my kitchen," Betty says of herself. She also enjoys bridge, entertaining, and making ceramic

Christmas presents. Her activities have ranged from a brief stint as a small-town schoolteacher to volunteer work in the occupational therapy department of a state hospital. The latter, she says, "was the most rewarding thing I ever did." With Rhett she likes plays, movies, and travel. Once a week she works at the furniture store, helping Rhett with his correspondence.

Betty has two dislikes—meetings and politics. Yet she has served as a Girl Scout leader, Cub Scout den mother, PTA member, and church schoolteacher; and when Rhett made an unsuccessful bid for a state senate seat a couple of years ago, she and the children did their best to get him elected.

Rhett and Betty share enthusiasm for sports. "Everything in our house revolves around ball games," Betty admits. Rhett's bright red blazer with appropriate emblem on the pocket marks him an extraloyal fan of the University of South Carolina's fighting Gamecocks.

Church and church work mean a great deal to the Jacksons. At Trenholm Road United Methodist Church they have been active in The Twelve, a disciplined study group, and have held numerous leadership positions. Betty, for example, visits all the new women in the congregation. Her husband directed an every-member visitation program last spring.

On the annual-conference level, Rhett chairs the Board of Christian Social Concerns. "The racial issue has been the overriding concern," he says of his work. "Even though The United Methodist Church has a definite stated position of no separation of baptized brothers, the man in the pew in South Carolina hasn't quite reached that point," he observes with a hint of sadness.

"It is tragic that far too many of us see our membership in the narrow terms of a Southern white man, or a Midwestern white man, or a black man, or what have you. This kind of view simply does not square with the mind and teachings of Jesus," he maintains.

His plea to fellow churchmen in South Carolina and the nation is to make a decision to risk everything with the church, to accept the positions of The United Methodist Church on brotherhood. "But," he pleads, "if this is too much to ask, go to another place where you can find an interval of quiet from this hour of decision. Let others who are willing pay the price of breaking clear. Eventually Christians should all accept these positions, and these pioneers will make the road easier."

As cochairman of the Joint Committee to Study Problems Involved in the Merger of the two South Carolina Conferences, Rhett sees a merger of black and white United Methodists possible by 1972, as requested by the 1968 General Conference. But he does not beat around the bush about the problems and attitudes to be overcome first. He and a friend recently wrote in the *South Carolina United Methodist Advocate*, "One of the most un-Christlike comments heard today is: 'They don't want to come to our church, anyway' (as if the church were ours in the first place) . . . it is not a question of 'us' or 'them.' From the Christlike view, it is never one



The roomy Jackson house is located in Forest Acres, a pleasant, woodsy neighborhood on the outskirts of Columbia. Here Betty plays on the front lawn with Cocoa, her poodle.

against the other, but a matter of reconciliation of all. The Christian is committed at the time of his Baptism to accepting every man on the basis of his own merit, worth, and value as a human being, dear and priceless in the eyes of God."

As a businessman, Rhett is concerned about hard-core unemployment and related urban problems. "Many Columbia Negroes need a lot of help—better education, better training," he admits. "I think a lot of community businesses would be willing to make above-taxes contributions to train people, as a community project. A tax incentive would help, but it's not necessary."

He is also realistic. No business can subsidize employees and remain in the competitive market. "I employ a former prisoner as second rider on a delivery truck," he says by way of illustration. "I'm not making a contribution to him. He's earning his pay. When an individual business takes on a man, he ought to be ready to carry his share of the load—and able to do it."

About 30 miles from Columbia, a red Seaboard Line caboose ("Built 11/23-Retired 3/64," its stenciled side reads) stands incongruously in a trackless world of pine trees and white sand. A scribbled, cardboard sign on the door says, "Friend, if you are passing this way, stop and rest a while. Sit under the shade of a tree and fish a little if you like. But please don't do anything to this caboose. It was awful hard to get it here."

The caboose, minus only its wheels, and the nearby fish ponds are where Rhett spends spare time—what there is of it. "I got it from the railroad because my old dad rode one of them for 40 years," he explains. The caboose serves as kitchen, tent, and meditation place. The ponds, which Rhett built himself, are stocked with bream, black bass, and catfish. "Laxation," as the spot is sometimes called, is about the only place where Rhett allows himself the luxury of relaxing.

Rhett Jackson is an unusual, compassionate man, folks agree, whether they have just met him or have known him for years. "He's a liberal without killing everybody else off," one person ventured.

"He really shouldn't be in business," exclaims Henry Byler, long-time friend and manager of his Columbia store. "Rhett's heart isn't here. It's with the church and the prison, and with anyone who needs a helping hand."

"I've seen people with positions in the conference who seemed to forget their interests in the local church," comments Levy Rogers, pastor of the Trenholm Road Church. "Not Rhett. Last year he served as official board chairman. This year he's vice-president of a church-school class. Rhett doesn't represent some of the negative aspects of the older churchmanship. He's open, looking for the truth, and for a new way to make it relevant."

Rhett's entire life bears powerful testimony to his self-stated personal creed:

Constantly question your assumptions.

Find ways to structure justice with love.

Live the essential life as demonstrated by the life and teachings of Jesus, the Christ. □



Rhett and his son Jim are the family fishermen. "It's a grand place, quiet, isolated," Rhett says of his pine-surrounded fishponds. Behind him looms his pride and joy: a red caboose.

"Our time and talent can be tithed, too," the minister said. It sparked this woman's imagination, and she decided to set aside approximately 11 hours a week to serve the church and those outside her family. She learned that putting aside time for God first gave meaning and purpose to all the other hours.

'My Tithe of Time'



By MARY LOU MOORE

"WON'T YOU help us on the education commission?" asks the chairman.

"When can I find the time?" I wonder.

I know these things are important. So are church school, the PTA, and the Y's club for underprivileged teenagers—not to mention visiting newcomers, running errands for the sick, and taking an elderly neighbor for a drive.

Where does a busy mother or father find time for such worthwhile things—without neglecting family responsibilities of children, home, and job?

For a Christian, all time is God's time, just as all our material possessions truly belong to him.

Nevertheless, in order to live, to eat, and to have a place to sleep, a major part of our time is necessarily committed to earning a living or caring for home and children. But how much time should be allotted for those beyond our family—for our neighbor, for God?

I had puzzled over this for some time. The beginning of an answer came in a sermon one Sunday morning. Our minister was reminding us of the ancient principle of tithing.

"Our time and talent can be tithed, too," was the sentence that sparked my imagination.

For our family, a monetary tithe requires a budget carefully worked out on paper. Similarly, to tithe my time, I needed to see it budgeted on paper, too—just like the groceries, the house payment, the utilities, and the rent.

There are about 16 waking hours during each day. That adds up to 112 hours each week. On the basis of the tithe, or tenth, I decided to set aside approximately 11 hours each week for serving the church and those outside my immediate family.

In my plan, I tried to divide those 11 hours about equally between worship and study, which benefit me primarily, and service activities, which would help others.

In the worship and study category,

I first allowed an hour and a half on Sunday morning for church and church school. Another half hour each day was designated for individual reading, for prayer, and for "thinking things through."

I quickly recognized that I would need to set aside a specific 30-minute period each day for this purpose. After lunch, Chris and Virginia, ages one and three, go to bed; Bill, a kindergartner, is expected to play quietly so he will not disturb them. Since eight-year-old Dick does not get home from school until 2:30, this is a period of nearly two hours, even with the house full of children, when I am relatively free.

That's where I found my 30 minutes. I even take the phone off the hook (they'll call back if it's important), further cutting down on the possibility of interruption.

I thought this schedule would be fairly easy to keep, but sticking to that 30 minutes every day took some doing, particularly at first. I would read several pages, begin to feel a

little sleepy, and then find to my amazement that only seven or eight minutes had passed.

In later weeks, however, as I adjusted to the discipline, I was really quite surprised to find how much I could accomplish in 30 minutes.

This new time for study also made it possible to accept that job at church I had been hesitating about for some time—the one on the education commission. Not a great deal of time away from home was involved, but it did require extra reading and study—time I did not have before.

I had spent five hours of my tithe; six hours remained to be budgeted—hours to be planned with care and committed in writing so I wouldn't let them drift away.

As a starter, I looked at the activities in which I already was involved. What a revelation! Busy, busy, busy as I thought I was in "doing good works," I found that much of what I had thought of as service was rather self-centered.

I could honestly include the volunteer teaching I did for the public welfare department, the soliciting of funds for the crippled children's society and the Young Women's Christian Association (since these funds directly served others), and a few other projects. But this added up to only about four hours a month!

OUR community, like most, was full of opportunity. Organizations for young people, volunteer groups at the hospital, programs for older people and the physically and mentally handicapped—each needed workers willing to serve in a real and useful way.

But with two children who would be at home full time for several more years, work of this sort was largely out of the question. What I did would mainly represent an individual effort.

In the New Testament, I found quite explicit advice: to give food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, to welcome the stranger, clothe the naked, to visit . . .

I could start, I decided, by welcoming the stranger. We hear so much these days about the loneliness of modern man and his social isolation. I had been so busy that I just didn't feel I could get involved with someone new, especially someone who might be moving on again in a few

months. Then, too, old friends are comfortable; we know what to expect from them. We can't be sure how we'll get along with "those new people."

These attitudes seem to be very basic to human nature. Jesus urged us to "welcome the stranger" (Matthew 25:35). So did Paul: "Welcome one another, therefore, as Christ has welcomed you, for the glory of God" (Romans 15:7). And also Peter: "Practice hospitality ungrudgingly to one another" (1 Peter 4:9).

Where would I find strangers? Some were in my own neighborhood. By volunteering to serve on our church's calling committee, many other names came my way.

Since I now tithed my time, I could do more than just call once. I found time to invite new people to our home, to introduce them to other friends, to help them find their way into the life of the church and community.

One afternoon each week I bring in a teen-age baby-sitter after school so I can go out to visit, particularly those sick or elderly who might not enjoy the hectic exuberance of small children.

Does this visiting, this show of concern, really make a difference to the people involved? I think so. A mother with a four-month-old baby told me as I left, "I never get to talk to anyone these days." I knew all too well the feeling she described.

And a young widow we invite over as often as possible is generally the first to come and the last to leave. It's almost as if she wears a sign saying, "I need companionship."

It makes a difference to me, too. Yet if I didn't have my time budget, a written commitment to reach out, I might quite easily live my life in a small and narrow rut—and be much poorer for it.

A part of my tithed time is spent on the telephone, visiting with those shut-ins whom for some reason I could not see in person that week.

With two or three hours each week devoted to visiting, I felt I would still be able to work with the smaller children in church school and continue those activities, both in the church and community, in which I felt I was making a genuine contribution.

I did not, as you see, set apart a certain amount of time in my plan

for the religious education of my own children. We try to make these experiences a part of everything they do. By allowing time for my own spiritual growth and renewal, I am constantly made aware of what this can mean in their spiritual development as well.

WE HAVE no special time for Bible stories. When story time comes each night, some of the stories are from the Bible. But talk of God centers just as often around dinosaurs and Aesop's fables.

Piano time includes hymns along with Baa, Baa, Black Sheep and I've Been Workin' on the Railroad. And so it goes with all the experiences our family share together. The older children are aware, of course, of how I spend my set-aside time. They understand, I think, that it benefits us all.

I know that some flatly reject the idea of a planned time schedule. They feel it is a rather cold and calculating method. People have told me, "I want to give freely of my time."

I don't argue with this approach. It undoubtedly works well for some people. But for me—and I know this is true for at least some of my friends—haphazard scheduling means we come up too short of time for truly worthwhile projects.

Scheduling is merely a system which sets this time apart first. Then I can make decisions for the use of the rest of my time realistically because I know just how much my time budget will permit.

I would never suggest that my tithe of time is the right (or even a workable) way for everyone. Busy as I think I am with my children, my neighbor with 10 youngsters certainly has far more time restrictions than I.

Still, for me, putting aside a tithe of time for God first gives meaning and purpose to all the other hours of the week. □

TOGETHER's 13th Photo Invitational:

TURN!

TURN!

TURN!

* The first eight verses of chapter three in Ecclesiastes are among the most memorable in the Bible. They were uttered, obviously, by the wisest of men, one who had seen and pondered many things; by a man who measured time and change by the earth's ceaseless turning, turning, turning—first toward, then away from the sun. And he saw life, the good and the evil of life, as men lived it under the sun.

It was inevitable that other men would want to set these poetic passages to music. One who did was the famed folk singer Pete Seeger, who had treasured these verses from Ecclesiastes for many years.

Now Mr. Seeger's adaptation, *Turn! Turn! Turn!* (*To Everything There Is a Season*),¹ has provided the theme for this, TOGETHER's 13th Photo Invitational—and the response from our large family of color photographers was most gratifying. In fact, we believe the quality of pictures submitted for this pictorial is unequalled among more than 60,000 transparencies sent to us by our reader-photographers since the first invitational was announced in 1956.

—YOUR EDITORS

¹ Words from the Book of Ecclesiastes. Adapted and music by Pete Seeger. TRO © 1968 Melody Trails, Inc., New York. Used by permission. All photographs in this feature copyright © 1969 by The Methodist Publishing House.—YOUR EDITORS



—Gerald L. Van Deusen, St. Clair, Mich.



—The Rev. William H. Jones, Oshawa, Ontario, Canada



—The Rev. W. George Thornton, Rochester, N. Y.



—Bob Coyle, Dubuque, Iowa

*To everything, turn, turn, turn,
There is a season, turn, turn, turn,
And a time to every purpose under heaven.*

A time to be born, a time to die; A time to plant, a time to reap...



—R. P. Hawkins, Jr., Austin, Texas

—Mrs. Paul F. Barker, Rochester, N.Y.

—Min Sapir, New York, N.Y.



-Harold Girton, Garden Grove, Calif





—Warren O. Lowe, DeKalb, Ill.



—Raymond W. Matheny, APO, New York, N.Y.



—Mrs. Linda Calleo Putney, Westfield, N.J.

*A time to kill, a time to heal;
A time to laugh,
a time to weep.*



—Ronald F. Taylor, Bluefield, Va.

—Virginia M. Springman, Cogan Station, Pa.



*A time to build
break down; we
a time to mourn
away stones, we
stones together
a time of hate
a time of peace
embrace, A time
from*



a time to
e to dance,
ime to cast
e to gather
ime of love,
ime of war,
ime you may
efrain
racing.

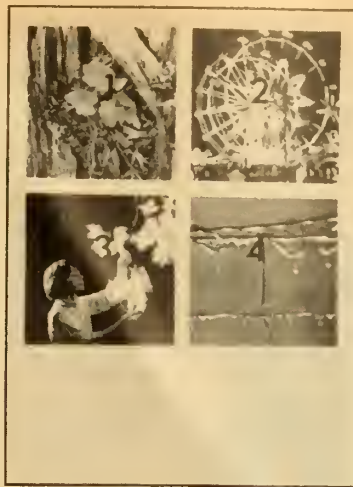


—Elmer E. Nielson, Burbank, Calif.



—Lyle D. Pauley, Mason City, Iowa

*A time to gain, a time to lose; A time
to rend, a time to sew; A time of love,
a time of hate; A time of peace,
I swear it's not too late.*



1. Far his woodland scene, Mr. Von Deussen used a Petri camera with Kadachrome II film, set 1/50 of a second at f/5.6. 2. Mr. Janes exposed Ektachrome X film in his Nikon for 1/4th second at f/1.4. 3. A Pentax Spatmatic and Ektachrome X film were used at meter-set stop by Mr. Thorntan at 1/30th second. 4. Mr. Coyle had a 600-mm extension tube on his Nikon F. camera, exposing High Speed Ektachrome 1/500 of a second at f/B. 5. Mr.



Hawkins gained his multiple effect by time exposure at f/11 with a Mamiya/Sekar camera and Dynachrome 64 film. 6. Mrs. Barker's picture was taken with a Miranda and Dynachrome 25 film exposed 1/60th of a second at f/11 through a 1-A filter. 7. Mr. Sapir used an exposure meter with his Pentax camera and Kadachrome X film. 8. With his Exakta loaded with Kadachrome, Mr. Girtan exposed at 1/50th second at f/6.3.

Here's How They Got The Pictures



9. At Verdun cemetery in France, Mr. Lowe used an Argus C-3 and Kadachrome film, exposed 1/50th second at f/3.5. 10. This doctor-patient scene at the Kwai River Mission Hospital in Thailand was captured on Kadachrome II film at 1/50th of a second and f/5.6. Mr. Matheny's camera was on Exakta. 11. Mrs. Putney's picture of the little flower picker came from a Minoltino-P camera, Kodachrome II film, 1/150th at f/16. 12. To get the

dancing girl, Mr. Taylor used a Pentax camera with 200-mm lens, Ektachrome film, exposing 1/60 at f/4. 13. Miss Springman used Anscochrome CT-1B film in a Fujiarex II camera; time, 1/30th; lens, f/1.9. 14. Mr. Nielsen's "Boy on the Beach" was taken with a Pentax with 135-mm lens, set 1/60th at f/B for Kadachrome film. 15. Mr. Pauley's war-torn village in Korea came from his Yashica with UV filter, Kadachrome II film. He exposed 1/125th at f/B. □



James Forman's Black Manifesto has startled and provoked Christians as no other issue has in recent times. While reactions range from outrage to contrition, churches are moving more swiftly to meet human need under what author George Cornell calls "shadows of a disturber."

BLACK REPARATION AND THE CHURCH

By GEORGE W. CORNELL
Religious News Editor, Associated Press

A CURIOUS Act II is unfolding in the drama of James Forman's Black Manifesto and its impact on the churches. They are responding to it, to a degree, in a way, but they warily seek to bypass him, to exorcise him, as if he were some haunting apparition. And that may be his role.

"It's more than just one man," says the Rev. Albert B. Cleage of Detroit's Church of the Black Madonna. "It's the black community. And if we're monsters, we're all monsters together."

Certainly the fury and passion of the Forman battle cry, the anxiety, fear, indignation, and bewilderment that it engendered among religious bodies, loomed far larger than the man himself—the flamboyant, shirt-sleeved black militant with his pile-driver antics and the African club in his hand.

"We're not begging," Forman says. "We have a right to demand."

Some whites imagine him as "an incarnation of the devil, the phenomenon of a 'nigger with horns,'" says the Rev. Edwin Edmonds, a black New Haven, Conn., pastor. Mr. Edmonds introduced Forman to the United Church of Christ General Synod last June in Boston, stating:

"In reality, he is a human being of depth, great compassion and vision, heralding from the mountaintops. He is a prophet of our times."

High-flying words, these, for the blustery, roughhewn Forman, with his tactical gamesmanship, his rude shock methods, his occasional grammatical lapses, his sardonic shrugs, his cynical, offhand humor in conversation. Nevertheless, many astute churchmen, white and black, see

through these crasser characteristics to something more searing and true.

"He is a prophet figure," says the Rev. Robert V. Moss, Jr., president of Lancaster (Pa.) Theological Seminary and newly elected president of the United Church of Christ. "He reminds me of the Old Testament prophets of doom who also made extreme statements, threatening the people of the day with destruction and ruin."

Even so, the wild tone and temper of Forman's introduction to the Black Manifesto—threatening, violent, anticapitalist, racially separatist, coercive, even terrorist in its demands for large-scale financial reparations from religious bodies for long-continued wrongs inflicted on blacks—have appalled and infuriated white Christians.

The manifesto's introduction contains Marxist bombast about guerrilla warfare and taking wealth from the rich

ONS

HES

and placing it in the hands of the state for the welfare of all people. The programs advocated by the manifesto itself have been proposed piecemeal over the years by various Negro spokesmen, including union leader A. Philip Randolph. The manifesto wraps them into one package: a Southern land bank for co-operative farms, a black-skill research center, a black university, a black publishing industry, a communication training center, and endowment of black labor and welfare defense funds.

"Economic blackmail!" some have decried as Forman and his troops roam about upsetting church households, badgering church conventions, harassing office staffs and congregations. "Goon-squad extortion!" The middle-class folks did not like it, either, when Amos came storming down from the hill country, without credentials or ordination, accusing them of cheating and abusing



An early scene in the Black Manifesto drama featured confrontation of Dr. Ernest T. Campbell, senior minister of New York City's famed Riverside Church, by James Forman and his demand for 60 percent of the church's investment income in order to implement black economic development projects.

the poor, and threatening them: "Woe be unto you!"

Most Christians tend to think of wrongdoing only in terms of personal behavior. Accordingly, they react with indignant denials that they ever victimized Negroes and insist they owe black people nothing. It must be recognized, however, that institutional processes also embody the values of a society and the gods it serves. The manifesto, like much of the Scripture, sees plundering and profiteering as embedded in a total social system. By perpetuating and prospering under the system, all whites are considered accessories to the degradation of blacks.

"This manifesto obviously contains much that is impossible and much to which our church must be unalterably opposed," says the Rev. George E. Sweazey, moderator of the United Presbyterian Church. "But James Forman is at present the most disturbing critic of the churches from the extreme militant point of view." And we need to "listen thoughtfully to him, to try to understand what he represents."

AMID that mingled hostility, guilt, and bafflement aroused among church people, the upshot, as indicated by accumulating actions of denominational bodies, is that they won't concede anything of substance directly to Forman's group. It was originally constituted and slashingly expressed through the manifesto of the National Black Economic Development Conference, set up under Forman's sway on April 25-27, in Detroit. To work with or concede to it, specifically, could well inflame so much resistance in the churches' rank and file as to choke off institutional resources.

"We can't deal with a group that says it wants to bring down the government or perpetuate violence," Dr. Moss put it. Practically speaking, no matter how much hyperbole and emotional exaggeration went into the scalding screams of the manifesto, its terminology just won't wash with the average white churchgoer. It's "anti-American" and against "free enterprise" is a common reaction, as voiced by a Malden, Mass., church board of deacons.

But that does not mean it will not bring significant results. Forman's movement may well succeed in catalyzing, provoking, and stirring up a broad, swelling new involvement of religious institutions. As a result, they may try to make tangible amends for gains derived by white America through the historic oppression, exploitation, and misuse of black people—first as slaves and then as cheap, caste-confined labor.

In fact, numerous major Protestant denominations already have taken extensive steps toward supporting new black-advancement projects. This is a direct result of the Forman-led pressure, although the churches have avoided any overt ties with him or his movement. Aided and abetted by black clergy in the mainly white denominations, they have put increasing funds under control of their own black leaders, for black rehabilitation.

"House niggers!" Forman calls them, in his usual free-swinging style. "Uncle Toms!"

It is a sore point for the black churchmen, many of them deeply dedicated to working within their denominations. Yet at the same time they are impelled to maintain solidarity with fellow blacks outside the church to avoid splintering and diminishing overall black influence for their people's betterment. Many are determined to keep

a sympathetic stance toward the Forman group's proposed projects, even if sometimes embarrassed by his firebrand defiance.

"I don't necessarily agree with Forman's tactics . . . but in substance I favor the idea," said the Rev. Thomas Kilgore, Jr., a black Los Angeles pastor recently elected president of the American Baptist Convention. This qualified support seemed to be the predominant viewpoint among Negro clergy, as indicated by the interdenominational National Committee of Black Churchmen. That body endorsed "in principle" the programmatic goals of the Forman movement—that religious bodies provide large sums for black-development undertakings.

Some Negro leaders, such as the Rev. J. H. Jackson, of Chicago, head of the mainly Negro National Baptist Convention, USA, calls Forman a menace. He says if white folks "want him to make a fool of them, it is up to them." But such black criticism has been in a minority.

Many black churchmen maintain that the belligerent, slambang Forman methods have served a useful purpose in dramatizing the issue. But they also see the potential drawbacks, including the counter-productive effects on some whites. And they favor working out some more inclusive temperate channels for pressing the same program objectives.

"The present hostility, fear, and guilt about reparations has America in a shambles," says Dr. Cleage, a leader among black churchmen. "Forman has brought the problem to the public's attention, and this is good. But now we hope it can be dealt with in a more rational atmosphere. At this point, we think it is possible to sit down and work it out, even though it involves massive amounts of money. If not, he's right and we're wrong."

In fact, top-level discussions already initiated in early July sought to arrange a nationwide, interdenominational conference of black churchmen. Forman's group, white church leadership, and black economists to consider obligations of the religious communities in black economic development. It is a joint problem, more than any one denomination can handle alone, much less solve.

A concerted approach could come through intermediary efforts of the National Council of Churches. Its executive committee, including top denominational officials, authorized council president Dr. Arthur S. Flemming, a United Methodist, to head a special committee made up predominantly of black churchmen to enter into talks with Forman's group. Forman snubbed the first scheduled round, but further efforts to negotiate soon were in progress.

Forman's manifesto demands \$500 million in reparations for injustices done blacks, and declares "war on the white Christian churches and synagogues" by force and disruptions to get it. His itemized demands handed to separate denominations, however, have since totalled far more than the original figure—an amount he now rounds off as a casual \$3 billion. But why hit the churches for it, instead of business or government?

"It just happened that way, man," he says, puffing on his briar pipe. "You've got to begin somewhere and you pick your strategic spot. Then there's the churches' historic claim to morality and ethical standards. Also we had a lot of support within the churches themselves." Since they are tactically vulnerable, he says, "the church

is the first step," with business and government in line afterward.

"It'll be a long fight," he says. "The whites won't give up without a struggle any of their wealth which they built on the backs of blacks."

The National Committee of Black Churchmen, including 600 Negro clergy of 12 denominations, analyzed the choice of the religious target this way: "The white churches and synagogues have been the moral cement of the structure of racism in this nation and the vast majority of them continue to play that role today."

Dr. Max L. Stackhouse, a white professor of Christian ethics at Andover Newton Theological School, says the "beginning of social criticism is in the critique of religion" and there was "discerning wisdom in the apparent foolishness" of the manifesto in aiming at the churches. He adds:

"Both a higher and lower regard for the churches is held by this document than by most churchmen; higher in the sense that the churches and synagogues are decisive centers for the culture; lower in the sense that the pathologies of modern life are at least, in part, rooted in these institutions. The manifesto is probably more accurate in this estimate than the churchmen."

FORMAN and his forces have roved the religious circuit, "liberating" church offices with occupation squads, piling furniture in doorways, helping themselves to reams of paper and mimeograph machines, frightening nervous secretaries, and disrupting operations. In general cases they have caused shutdowns of some church facilities for extended periods, and several Protestant denominations have acted to boost sharply their support to black advancement.

"A brick on the side of the head has some educational value," observed the Rev. Marion de Velder, chief executive of the Reformed Church in America.

Consistently, however, the denominations have circumvented Forman's particular camp in escalating their programs, although this sometimes has caused strains among their own black clergy. Denominational assemblies or agencies taking this course include the United Presbyterians, the United Methodists, the Reformed Church, the United Church of Christ, and the Christian Church (Disciples). Episcopalians are working on similar plans. Three bodies have issued blanket rebuffs, including the Southern Baptists, the Synagogue Council of America, and the New York Roman Catholic Archdiocese, which called Forman's approach "contrary to our American way of life."

Some church bodies have disavowed Forman's ideology and methods even as they took steps paralleling his proposals. An intriguing instance took place at the United Church assembly, which initiated inquiries into prospects for establishing a top-grade black university in the south. With other denominations, the UCC also is considering black publishing industries, black communications training, and a Southern land bank to underwrite co-operative farms—all of these among projects advocated by the manifesto.

When a delegate objected to the similarities, UCC executive Mrs. Mareta Kahlenberg emphasized that it recommended the actions at the urging of black clergy

in the church—not Forman. "We don't expect to give money to Mr. Forman," she said. However, the clergy group had made clear it favored Forman's program, a situation that seemed to admit the man's influence circuitously, through a side door. He was there implicitly.

Similarly, when a Forman-supporting black coalition induced the United Methodist Board of Missions to allot new funds for black "economic empowerment," the money was put under control of black Methodist board members and bishops. Forman, although involved in it, was out of it—the man in the shadows.

He has "been able to do something that blacks within the major Protestant denominations have not been able to do," says Theresa Hoover, associate general secretary of the Women's Division of the United Methodist Board of Missions. He has jolted the churches, put them on edge, she says and if they "can react to the truths implicit in the demands and not confuse the issue by overreacting to the rhetoric and tactics, we may yet free ourselves . . . to the achievement of justice and dignity implicit in our own churchly rhetoric."

Forman, 40, bearded, six feet tall, with brooding eyes, has a nonchalant, careless, stubbornly blunt way about him. He is tentatively friendly in personal conversation, but intense, passionate, and biting on the platform, his two hands making short, chopping gestures at his side. There's something of showmanship there, of adventurism and needling spoofery.

Sometimes he shows up in Africa-style dress, carrying a two-foot African club or chief's scepter, which he once waved mockingly in an argument, causing a church official to shrink uncertainly away. His comments are loaded with melodrama. "No police will be carrying me out of here—alive!" he shouted when served with a restraining order against occupying New York's 19-story Interchurch Center, headquarters for 20 national religious agencies. Moments later, he quietly left.

He publicly burned another summons. Earlier, he had drummed up a day's strike at the center by about half the 2,000 employees. Moving into worship services, he sometimes murmurs during the sermons, "Teach, teach. Tell it like it is." Or, "Peace, peace." He often sits when others stand, and stands when they sit.

When told that Roy Wilkins, veteran head of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, felt that Forman did not represent most Negroes, Forman shrugged. "Roy Wilkins is not in reparations. We are."

The first funds received by Forman's group from any church came Sunday, July 6, when an individual congregation—Washington Square United Methodist Church in New York's Greenwich Village—presented him with a \$15,000 check.

Previously divorced, Forman and his present mate, Constancia, have a two-year-old son, she says, and live in a Manhattan apartment. Born in Chicago of Methodist parents, he attended Catholic grade schools, earned his B.A. in political science at Roosevelt University there, and, after 15 months of military service in the Korean War, did graduate work in government at United Methodist-related Boston University. He now disclaims any religious affiliation. He formerly was chairman of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, and later

headed its international arm before launching his reparations drive in late April.

"It's something I'd been thinking about for a long time," he says.

Protestant leaders on the National Council, in authorizing a new black-dominated group to confer with Forman, said that in the present climate of racial alienation, "it is imperative that white churchmen in the name of Christ open every possible door and make every attempt to listen. But openness alone is not enough. There must be penitence and a readiness to make recompense, remembering that if our brother has anything against us, nothing we do is acceptable before the altar of God until first we be reconciled to our brother."

That was a reference to Jesus' instructions in Matthew 5:23-24, which brings up the theological ramifications of the manifesto's demands. Some church thinkers consider the concept of reparations for Negroes a valid one, whether feasible or not. They cite the story of Zacchaeus, the converted tax collector who told Jesus in Luke 19:8 that he would recompense anyone whom he had defrauded four times over.

The Rev. Jon L. Regier, head of national missions work for the National Council, says, "If we agree there is guilt on the part of whites, then we must agree that efforts at restitution are valid. The question is how to do it."

The most elaborate theological defense so far of the manifesto's case came in a 10,000-word study paper by Andover Newton's Dr. Stackhouse. He notes that the word "reparations" has three shades of meaning, including: (1) the act of repairing; restoration, (2) indemnification for loss or damage, and (3) a renewal of friendship and reconciliation. He says the first meaning is most deeply rooted in biblical literature, referring to the "reestablishment of the covenanted relationship after it is disrupted by injury or damages."

Beyond this, Old Testament legal proscriptions provide for multiple damages in case of theft or fraud, or misappropriation of goods from others by taking unfair advantage of them.

In the New Testament, the restoration concept "is projected onto a cosmic screen," Dr. Stackhouse says, having to do with the "ultimate restoration of all things" into harmony with God's will. He says Christians "therefore are enjoined to restitution as a requisite of an acceptable approach to God" (Matthew 5:21-26). The word "restitution" both in Christian theology and Old Testament law is more common to scriptural language than the manifesto's term "reparation." To belabor the esoteric distinction would seem little more than a word game.

Popularly used, however, reparations has a "war image," as some critics have noted. Historically, Dr. Stackhouse said the term was applied to the imperial practice of the victor exacting reparations from the vanquished. But in modern times, reparations have involved indemnity for damages to ostracized victims of racial discrimination. As for Forman's conduct, he writes:

"Since previous techniques at gentle persuasion have not overcome our divided society, it is perfectly clear that there is intended effrontery in the confrontation. Engineered in part by desperation, in part by insecurity, in part by contempt for white gentility, there is a studied attempt to humble the proud and certify a new pride in

the long humbled." He says pride can be a "two-edged sword" in this case, but in Scripture, "it is the pride of the strong, not that of the weak, that is warned against most often."

Since the law and police power are so heavily on the side of the establishment, he says Forman's threats to bring down the system "have all the impressiveness of a butterfly's sigh." He also says the specific programmatic goals are proper "in a democratic society," and the "inflated rhetoric" probably has doctrinaire Marxists "laughing in their beards at this use of 'their' jargon."

In the present divided state of society, says Dr. Stackhouse, "there are no guarantees that reparations would immediately secure friendship and reconciliation" but "taking the demands seriously can at least prevent immediate and flagrant rupture," and hopefully provide a context that will allow renewal of friendship. "We can say: 'Don't just take the money and go. Take us with you in a way that contributes to a larger vision of unified humanity.'"

Meanwhile, the church machinery churned, trying to develop some sort of co-ordinated responses to the commotion over the issue. United Methodists are considering how and when to call together their national policy groups. It seemed probable that the Interreligious Foundation for Community Organization (IFCO) may serve to draw diverse black groups and white church leadership into consultations, once tensions ease.

IFCO is an interfaith organization, including 22 Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish agencies, for funding projects for blacks and other poor people. It financed the conference that issued the manifesto, and has endorsed its "programmatic aspects," but not its tactics. The reverberations from white denominational sponsors still are rippling. Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum, former president of IFCO's board of directors, called the manifesto ideology "an invitation to national suicide."

The National Council of Churches, along with member denominations at the Interchurch Center, has wavered about using legal means to keep Forman out. It advised individual churches not to summon police unless disturbances became "dangerous or destructive."

"This is no time to push the panic button," says Episcopal Presiding Bishop John E. Hines, but rather for the churches to redouble their efforts in behalf of blacks.

Whether the churches could ever raise such sums as demanded, they clearly could not come from current national budgets, already pinched. It would take transfers of capital. The churches own property estimated nationally at \$80 billion and have an estimated annual income of \$6.5 billion, although most of this is local. But they also have many millions in national investments and the treasured heritage of a Lord who said, "Truly, I say to you, as you did it to one of the least of these my brethren, you did it to me."

"Our task," says the Episcopal executive council, "is to listen so that we may hear how in the human discontent the divine discontent speaks."

And outside the gate there is a man shaking his fist and demanding. Or perhaps it is something more, a pained, bitter echo from a desperate multitude, of which he was only a menacing specter who assails white consciences. □



Like most parents, they took their happy, healthy children for granted—until a sudden illness nearly struck one daughter down. Looking back on that crisis, this author reflects on what the experience taught him—particularly about appreciating the blessings of each moment, each experience.

When Trouble Came

By *PAUL D. LOWDER*, Pastor
West Irving Park United Methodist Church
Greensboro, North Carolina

MY WIFE and I almost lost one of our children when she was five years old. Karen suffered a stroke that left one side of her body temporarily paralyzed. Now that she has recovered, I realize there is nothing we can do to express adequately our thanksgiving.

If our Karen had died, we would have had a memorial service. But we Methodists have no services or prayers for the many times in life when we are grateful for God's special blessings.

The Roman Catholic Church has a rosary or mass said as an act of thanksgiving. The Orthodox Jew, who has recovered from a physical or spiritual sickness or has been saved from disaster, makes a public affirmation over the Torah in the words, "Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, king of the universe, who doest good to the undeserving, and has done all good to me."

Too rarely do we think of faith as helping us find meaning in every

experience—suffering, sorrow, recreation, joy, and routine matters. Too often we do not get beyond the question, "Why did it happen to me?" Then we usually ask it only in the event of personal tragedy.

Karen could not have been happier or seemingly more healthy when she went to bed that winter night. It is hard to believe that at four o'clock in the morning, in a matter of minutes, she could become so ill. And it was several days before the seriousness of her illness and the possibility of death was really accepted.

Probably it was good that we were not aware of the possibility of death at first. Otherwise we might not have had the presence of mind to take care of the details involved in the trip to the hospital, the examinations, and providing care for our older daughter. Once the possibility of Karen's death or mental and physical handicap hit me, I did not feel like doing anything, not even praying. There was no unusual sense

of God's presence. It was more like an aching which cannot be located, a numbness, a void, wondering if the hours could be lived through.

I know that God was with us. I know that we should not be disappointed in our hour of anguish if we do not feel his presence—or anything else. He is with us whether we feel it or not.

Some things are learned in suffering which cannot be communicated. There are values and attitudes and degrees of compassion which can be learned only through a heavy heart. This value is not one which anyone would seek, yet without it no one can really experience the depths of love. I now agree with the psalmist: "It is good for me to have been in trouble" (Psalms 119:71, Moffatt).

There are four things which I hope we never will forget about this experience with Karen. If we do our lives will be poorer.

1. I have never been so aware that

getting along Together

My grade-school chum insisted on walking four blocks out of our way to school every day so we could pass an elderly blind woman's home. The blind woman was always sitting at the front window, and my friend always smiled and waved to her.

After being late to class a few times, I suggested that we go the shorter way. "That lady can't see us anyway," I explained.

"Maybe she can't see us," my friend replied, "but I'm sure she feels that we've gone by."

—MRS. CORA ELLEN SOBIESKI, Chicago, Ill.

When my infant niece accidentally drank some kerosene, I had no way to take her to the hospital. So I hurriedly called the volunteer fire department, explained my problem, and asked for help. In a matter of minutes a car pulled up in front of the house, and the driver sped us to the doctor.

It was not until later that I learned that the kind man was not a fireman at all. I had dialed another number in my frenzy, and this man had come from the next town, six miles away.

—MARY EMMA ADAMS, Union City, Tenn.

During Brotherhood Week we visited an all-Negro church. A little girl there, recognizing me as a stranger, shyly said "Hi," and asked if I had any children.

"I have a baby. She's in the nursery," I replied pointing to a nearby room.

The little girl peered into the nursery where my blond toddler played cheerfully in the center of five Negro children, studied the group for a minute, then asked politely, "Ma'am, which baby is yours?"

—MRS. A. L. CLARKE, Wichita, Kans.

Little tales for this column must be true—stories which somehow lighten a heart. TOGETHER pays \$5 for each one printed. No contributions can be returned.—EDITORS

our children are not our own, but rather a trust from God.

Our children are not ours to do with as we please. They are ours to love and lead into a life of devotion and service for Him. Our children are a trust—for how long we may not know. We are not given the right to tie them to our apron strings. We are not free to use them to get what we want. We are not the sole authority in their lives.

2. I have begun to learn how to be grateful.

I thought there were times in my life when I had been grateful. I really had not. I thought there were things for which I would always be thankful. Now, I am not sure. For gratitude is not just a "thank-you" for the moment. Real gratitude is overwhelming thanksgiving for something which I could not have done.

Even though I had prayed with members of my congregation and given thanks for doctors and nurses, I had not known how much these angels of mercy could mean until Karen became ill. The quiet manners, genuine concern, and unspoken love of these people was a benediction I had not seen before.

This sense of thanksgiving was one of the things which brought strength and patience in the weeks of Karen's recuperation. When we were discouraged, all we had to do was to remember how ill she had been, and we were thankful. The unusual degree of her recovery is an extra reason for thanksgiving.

No matter what happens in the future, no matter how tragic life may be, I doubt anything will overshadow the joy of Karen's recovery. I pray and hope that I will never forget the thrill of seeing her walk, or of God's goodness in giving her to us a second time.

3. I try to appreciate each day for its own blessings.

The value of each moment may be of far more significance than we can understand. The beauty and meaning of any moment often depends on our willingness to get out of our ruts and preoccupations in order to experience what really is happening around us.

Too often, with our children, we live for the time when they will sleep through the night, when they will

walk or talk, when they will go to school so we can have some freedom, when they will be through college and financially independent. But when all this happens, I'm sure we will wish for the "good old days" when they were small.

If we learn to appreciate each day and moment for its own blessings, it will mean that we begin to hear what others are saying, that we give of our real selves to each other in sharing values and goals, and that we realize no business or program or service is more important than the relationships and experiences of love and acceptance.

4. While I will not have the ability to empathize completely with others in heartache and tragedy, I can know what others go through.

I thought I knew what it was to sit and wait for a child to pass a crisis. I thought I knew what it was to face the fact that a child was dying. But I did not.

Now I have suffered. To suffer with others, out of love and concern, is one of life's greatest opportunities and experiences. This may be the only way we have of learning to understand and appreciate persons with whom we feel we have little in common.

Karen's illness was not easy for any member of our family. Our older daughter could hardly understand what was happening. My wife suffered a great deal in silence, probably beyond my comprehension. But out of our experience has come a new appreciation for each other and an awareness of God in our lives which we did not have before.

This realization of gratitude has done something to my sense of values. I have been amazed at what simple things make up life's joys. I hope I never forget the joy of hearing a child talk too much, shout too loud, or laugh at the wrong time. For we should never take for granted what God has given us. □

Will Religion Kill Christianity?

By RONALD L. SUNDBYE
Pastor, First United Methodist Church
Lawrence, Kansas

THE REV. Harry Emerson Fosdick once preached a sermon on the dangers of going to church. Could he have been serious? Such an idea sounds preposterous. The early Christians knew real dangers, of course, when they went into the arenas with lions and other wild beasts. But dangers in our time? Yes.

The dangers I see fall into one general category: the danger that in keeping the church alive we shall destroy the message of Jesus Christ. This does not have to be, but it could happen. Dietrich Bonhoeffer opened our eyes to this when he wrote from his prison cell in Germany. He said, "It is not for us to foretell the day, but the day will come to utter the word of God in such a way that the world is changed and renewed. There will be a new language, perhaps quite unreligious, but liberating and saving, like the language of Jesus so that men are horrified at it, and yet conquered by its power."

I fear that church people are the very ones who may prevent that language from being spoken. That is our terrifying prospect for the day which Bonhoeffer prophesied has come. The day when the Word of God needs to be uttered is here, and there is a new urgency for it with every passing month. We have reached a point in history when the world must either be renewed or destruction will have its way with us. The church can be a strong and vital force in bringing renewal, but, ironically, it could be one of the main agencies to speed up the process of destruction. The choice lies with those who remain in the church, and we will not make right choices unless we are aware of the dangers.

One danger is that we will become so infected with



"religion" that we will fail to allow the liberating, sometimes horrifying, words of Jesus to be spoken in language that is simple and straight to the point. Instead, habit may become our god, tradition may become our master, familiar forms may become our tyrants. We may become totally desensitized to the Word of God unless it meets our preconceived standards of what is "religious."

Many already have succumbed to that danger. If a song is not called a hymn, and if that hymn is not bound between the covers of a hymnal, we tune it out because we have rigid and uncompromising standards of what belongs in church. It is easy to assume that a guitar or a dance, a flute, or a jazz group just does not belong.

But why not? Would it help to pray over these things? When I was a small boy, the church service always began with the familiar words, "The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him." I looked around the temple and didn't see God, and the world outside certainly wasn't quiet. Such a rigid separation between the world and the church should be ended. God is not sealed up in the sanctuary.

By clinging to too rigid specifications, we close out many possibilities. Many new poets, songwriters, and theologians are stating the message of Jesus in ways that can open it with freshness. They are coming straight to the point.

Why refuse to hear new people just because we have never heard the message of Jesus uttered in this way

before? Hearing it uttered in a new way could give it the power of freshness that struck the early Christians. They had never heard a man speak as Jesus spoke to them, and that is partly why they listened. With a simplicity and a clarity they had never experienced before, he cut through the synagogue jargon, which was pious, holy, and secure but failed to grip them.

Some people could not stand it because it was too direct. They wanted to be protected from hearing the truth, and they found protection in worshiping organized religion. It became their god. The continuing curse of every organized religion is that it can lead to idolatry. And if we assume that the forms of our faith are sacred, that is idolatry! If we refuse to hear the message of Jesus unless it meets our specifications as to what is holy, then we are more interested in form than message.

Only one criterion makes a thing appropriate in the sanctuary: does it open the original revelation of Jesus Christ? If so, it is appropriate whether it is a contemporary poem or a few lines from Paul Tillich or a song by Simon and Garfunkel or Buffy Sainte-Marie.

I am not implying that our traditional forms fail to convey the saving words of Christ that must be spoken to redeem our world. They do, indeed, but new forms may have the same possibilities. We must be open.

To appreciate tradition is one thing; to worship it is another. I am interested in a religionless Christianity because I do not think that Jesus ever intended to establish a new religion. He was born a Jew, practiced Judaism, and he died a Jew. He came to lay bare a new way of life that is both simple and profound. It has to do with your relationship to yourself.

No psychiatrist has ever said anything so profound about you as Jesus did when he said, "The kingdom of God is within you." The implications in that are fantastic. This new way of life has to do with your relationships to others, your relationship to your work, and your relationship to all of life. When Christianity gained in numerical strength, some degree of organization became necessary and has to continue, but it should be minimal in importance. Religion with a tightly organized way of doing things the same way week after endless week will not change the world. Only the message of Christ has the saving power to do that.

Last summer I worshiped in a church in New York's Greenwich Village. We sat in a circle in metal chairs in the plainest room I've ever seen, yet it was one of the most penetrating experiences I've ever had. I heard of an old, established Episcopal church in New York that had a rock 'n' roll mass. I can't think I'd like that, but I'm willing to try it. Such a church will not be acceptable to some people, but every city in America is full of churches that offer absolute tradition. Surely we need churches that offer something else.

Another danger in going to church is that we will compartmentalize life. We shall come to think of our churchgoing as one matter and our lives as another. If we think that the mere fact of going to church makes Christians, we are mistaken.

Time and again Christians have failed the world. They are churchgoing Christians who never seem to see the connection between Sunday and Monday. Very few plays in recent years have affected me more deeply than *The Deputy*. It made a believer of me. There seems

reason to believe that if the Pope just once had challenged Hitler, the massacre of the Jews might not have occurred. For some reason, the Pope seems to have been the one man Hitler wanted to appease. Yet the Pope remained silent. Churchmen everywhere are guilty of the same thing, even if on a lesser scale. We play a safe, middle road to protect our interests.

If the act of going to church fills us with self-righteousness, we are deluding ourselves. Here, again, I see a dangerous tendency to worship religion instead of being responsive to Christianity. Many of us divide our lives into compartments. We say, this is my religion, this is my social life, that is my business world, this is my politics. One cannot do that and be true to the God who said, "Behold, I make all things new." His word must affect all of you. It must reach the very ground of your being and make significant differences in every act of your life.

A Gallup Poll showed that 53 percent of the people think churches should say nothing about social issues like Viet Nam and civil rights. Ten years ago, almost the same percentage felt otherwise, but then the issues were not as hot. If polls had been made 2,000 years ago, they might have found that a high percentage of people hated the Jesus who challenged the political and social structures of his time. But Jesus would have paid little attention.

Abraham Maslow, in his book *Religions, Values, and Peak-Experiences*, contends that those who apply the word "religious" to themselves do not get as much out of life—or put as much into it—as those who refuse to use the word. The former group, his studies show, associates religion with rites and ceremonies, a particular day of the week, a particular building, a particular language, even with a particular musical instrument. They think God lives in the pipe organ! Consequently, their religion amounts to no more than a museum piece.

Another danger in going to church is that we shall wait from one Sunday to the next for any encounter in life with what Paul Tillich called the "dimension of depth." We shall come to rely too much on one hour in a church to convince us there is anything more to life than its flat, shallow surface. That is precisely what being in church should help us perceive, and when it does, our time has been well spent. But to assume that here alone is evidence that life has meaning is to be deceived.

I am not against churches. I simply want our experiences there to be open to a richness by which we can discover more vividly the beauty of the earth, the joy in being, and the really dynamic involvement we can have with other human beings. My hope is that churchgoing will be incidental to our lives and not become an end in itself. New ways should be opened for us to make more vital the other 167 hours a week that compose our lives. Equally important, churchgoing should help us to find ways of bringing to others the realization that life is not just the garbage heap many persons think it is.

I have some negative feelings about churchgoing, but none about the pure, simple, lifesaving words of Jesus. Churchgoing can result in our hearing those words; but it can also deaden us. We ought to be more interested in what Christ has to say than we are in the way it is said. Christianity, not religious tradition, is the important thing. □

Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.



Is changing the wording of the Bible ever justified?

✦ To put the question this way is to imply too much dependence upon words. Words are no more than language symbols used to transmit meaning. It is the message of the Bible that is eternal, not the wording of one translation or another.

The Bible comes to us through several

languages and an amazing exercise of divine and human effort. The purpose of any translation, and of any word changes in the process, is simply to make clearer the central message, which is hopeful and eternal. The message is that God created, loves, and seeks to redeem all men through Christ.

What does reconciliation involve?

✦ Primarily having sufficient love to overcome hostility. The term "reconciliation" is rarely used in the Old Testament, but the act is recorded in several places. Jacob and Esau were reconciled (Genesis 32:1 through 33:11), as were Saul and David (1 Samuel 24). In neither case was it easy. Jesus taught that men who are

hostile to each other cannot be reconciled to God. Such an act involves self-knowledge, repentance, and active self-giving. Love that overcomes hate is its central quality. To be reconciled is to move beyond the sentiment of "feeling better about it" to the act of triumph over all that separates or breeds hostility.

When does one become a saint?

✦ No one knows, least of all the saint himself. His chief desire is to do God's will. "There is in the saints," writes W. E. Sangster, "a glad outrunning to the will of God; an eagerness for it."

Pride and self-centeredness—the ma-

jor sources of our sinfulness—are overcome in a person's life by the will of God. He does not know when he becomes a saint, nor would he permit himself the thought. Other men usually recognize a saint, often after his death.

Will modern man abolish religion?

✦ No. This has been tried through the centuries by both law and indifference—and always has failed. It is possible to abolish many traditional religious practices, as Russia has done, but religious forms arise in new ways. To give ultimate meaning to something is to be religious, and men do this universally. It is the

quality of religion that is most important. Sometimes, however, men cease worshipping God and worship themselves or the state or progress. Sociologist Robin M. Williams, Jr., is right when he says: "... any persons who have believed it possible to 'abolish religion' have only succeeded in renaming it."

Letters

C. S. LEWIS: 'A MAN WHO TRULY KNEW OUR LORD'

How pleased I was to open the July issue of *Together* and see the article *Onward Christian Spacemen* [page 23] by the late C. S. Lewis! I wonder how many of your readers realize that he wrote many books besides *The Screwtape Letters*.

Those interested in science fiction should try *Out of the Silent Planet*, *Perelandra*, and *That Hideous Strength*. But best of all his books that I have read is *Mere Christianity*.

Reading his books, one feels that here was a man who truly knew our Lord!

MRS. KEN SNOW
Gayville, S.Dak.

MODERN COMMUNICATION GIVES 'INSTANT POWER'

I was "hepped up" by the article *They Teach Hope for the City* [June, page 2] as it told about MUST (Metropolitan Urban Services Training Facility) and ATCH (the Action Training Clearinghouse), the "central nervous system" with its "Dial-the-action" communication system. This looks like the model for communication which gives "instant power" by capturing the dynamic of quick feedback and cumulative contagion formerly limited to face-to-face groups. This reduces the lag in communication which stymies social change.

We need more interpretive reporting of urban social processes making use of modern audio-visual aids which permit people to see themselves in action at the most critical points.

B. H. LUEBKE
Knoxville, Tenn.

Send your letters to
TOGETHER
1661 N. Northwest Highway
Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

ARTICLE HELPS FORMER EUB LEARN OF NEW MISSION FIELD

It was good to read *They Were Missionaries—For Three Weeks* [June, page 50]. Such information helps us who were formerly Evangelical United Brethren to get acquainted with fields of mission which are new to us. The Congo is one such field.

Also, it was good to get acquainted with Dorothy Clarke Wilson in *Speech Begins at Forty* [page 28]. Just recently I had read two of her fine books, *Take My Hands* and *Ten Fingers for God*. Thanks for including such material in *Together*.

RUTH KNAUSS
Waseca, Minn.

WHY NOT ALWAYS HAVE BEAUTIFUL COVERS—LIKE JUNE'S?

I wrote when I was displeased with the covers of *Together*. Now I must write to compliment you for the beautiful June cover. It is truly a beautiful picture, so restful and peaceful. God made the earth beautiful so why not always have a picture of beauty on your cover? You may answer that not all of life is beautiful. My answer is that we can enjoy life more fully and be of more help to others if we have joy and peace in our own hearts.

MRS. BROOKE R. BRADY
Birdsboro, Pa.

FIND SOMETHING TO FILL THE BLANK SPACE

There is nothing particularly wrong with *Together's* new dress except the blank spaces in the columns throughout the copy. It looks silly and ridiculous, not to mention the loss of space—about 43 column inches in June.

Certainly something can be found to fill this space.

VERNON A. WELKER
Cincinnati, Ohio

Together: ALWAYS STIMULATING, IF NOT ALWAYS AGREEABLE

You invited response to your new format, and I am pleased to accept your invitation. I have felt ever since *Together* appeared that its format has been appealing and readable, and I am pleased with some of your newness. Most especially:

The cover is more "open" (less print), thus more eye-catching.

The use of the blue pages gives a welcome variety.

Your special color pictorials, like June's 'I Thought You Were an

Atheist!' [page 31], add life and interest.

The new type style seems more contemporary and quite readable.

I realize you are always under fire. I do not always agree with what you print either. But I do almost always find it quite stimulating. Your efforts, including the new format, are appreciated.

KEN GELHAUS, Pastor
The United Methodist Church
Lancaster, Wis

YES TO OUR NEW DRESS, BUT WHERE IS BARNABAS?

Yes! we do like the new dress for *Together*. The June issue is great and ditto for July. Give us more such as *So Little One Can Say* [June, page 41], *What's Wrong With Father* [June, page 35], *Speech Begins at Forty* [June, page 28], *Overheard* [July, page 35], and *Wednesdays With Rita* [July, page 36].

Your articles are fine, but don't forget that in a church magazine many readers look for the type I have just mentioned.

The book reviews by Barnabas have always been a real pleasure. We turned to those pages first. Now, I'd like to know: What happened to Barnabas?

MRS. FRANK SWANSON
Sioux City, Iowa

We were hoping someone would ask. Now it can be told: Our erstwhile book reviewer, Barnabas, and our "new" reviewer are one and the same. Associate Editor Helen Johnson, a *Together* staff stalwart since 1958, has been largely responsible for our Books section for most of those 11 years. We thought it high time to take her out of her pseudonymous state and give credit where credit is due.—Your Editors

HE'S READING US MORE —AND ENJOYING IT MORE

I have just finished reading the June issue of *Together*. I read about seven magazines—four religious, three secular. Ordinarily I read about a fourth of *Together*. This time I read about two thirds.

The change in format is beautiful, beginning with the cover picture. There is a new softness and winsomeness. I like the light-blue paper. Somehow, instead of being

shocked, I was entranced. Instead of being resentful, I was receptive.

The articles and their writers seemed more Christian, in the best sense.

What happened? Did somebody get converted? More power to you all.

PAUL L. GROVE, Retired Minister
Minneapolis, Minn.

PIPE SMOKER'S PICTURE UNSUITED TO Together

On pages 8 through 12 of the July issue are pictures showing Kevin H. Axe being interviewed on *The Underground Church*—and smoking a pipe. I was surprised to see such photos in *Together*.

I hope *Together* is not trying to help the tobacco companies. In fact, I do not think any photograph with tobacco in it should be seen in our church publications.

VENDELL BENNETTS, Retired Minister
Plainfield, Wis.

WOULD HE DENY AMERICANS A RIGHT HE WOULD GIVE OTHERS?

In June *Letters*, American Legion chaplain and draft board member Ray Kriefall writes that "After hearing their [conscientious objectors'] stories of obeying God rather than man . . . I say to them: If you can quote any Scripture that allows you to disobey civil government, I'll bend over backward to help you," and he indicates that so far no one has met his requirement [June, page 48].

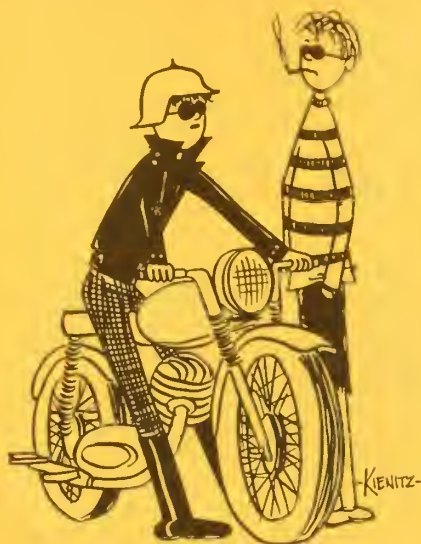
Since Mr. Kriefall refuses to admit the relevance of Acts 5:29, it is difficult to know what Scripture would satisfy him. So I would like to ask him a different sort of question: Should a citizen in a communist country ever disobey his government? In a Nazi country? If so, why are you denying to Americans moral rights that you would grant to Russians, Chinese, Cubans, Germans?

GEORGE G. HILL, Pastor
South Park United Methodist Church
Hartford, Conn.

NATIONAL DEFENSE OR AGGRESSIVE MILITARY ACTION?

Ray Kriefall of Osseo, Minn., says that any person who is not willing to defend his freedom does not deserve his freedom. That is true, but Mr. Kriefall seems rather confused, unable to distinguish between national defense and aggressive military action in foreign countries.

Most conscientious objectors would offer their lives in defense of our country if it were in any



"I keep asking myself, 'What's life all about, anyway?' and I've finally come up with an answer: 'I don't have the slightest idea!'"

danger, but they strongly object to going half way around the world to kill people who never have been and never could be a threat, either to our country or to world peace.

Any government can make mistakes and bring tragedy to its own country by being too aggressive and reaching out for too much power. We have spent billions of dollars and sacrificed thousands of our finest young men trying to keep Viet Nam divided into two nations and to keep in power a government that most of the people do not want. To assert that this is defending freedom is stretching the imagination too far.

We can regain our world prestige and restore world friendship by promoting peace instead of war. It is our place to keep our armed forces at home and permit other countries to work out their own problems. Then the draft will no longer be needed and the chief cause of rioting in our colleges will be ended.

The time will come when we will honor the conscientious objectors who are now pointing out a better course of action and are willing to lead their country in Christian paths.

GEORGE ALT
Sturgis, S.Dak.

WHAT ABOUT ATROCITIES COMMITTED BY THE ENEMY?

I have just read the letter from Floyd Mulkey in the July issue, and I am furious about his charge of "atrocities" committed by the United States in Viet Nam. [See *Would Victory Justify Destruction of Viet Nam?* July, page 48.]

Has he never heard of the atrocities committed by the enemy? Does he think they abide by the Hague and Geneva Conventions? They commit atrocities and disregard the conventions every day, the beatings that the Pueblo crew received, for example. You cannot always fight by the rules if your opponent doesn't. If you do, your cause is lost at the beginning.

Although Mr. Mulkey praises the Rev. Bob Olmstead for fighting the draft, he evidently has never talked to anyone who has served his country loyally. I have. I went to school with many young men who were drafted after graduation. Most of them have completed their active duty and have returned home. Some never will return. Those that are home realize why we are in Viet Nam and would go again if asked. Those that didn't return will have died in vain if we don't continue to help the South Vietnamese.

I pray that sanity will prevail over this nation and that we will not pull out of Viet Nam until these people are able to govern and defend themselves.

MRS. LINDA ARMSTRONG
Bryan, Texas

SOME WOMEN PLACE INCORRECT VALUE ON EDUCATION

Bravo for Beverly Hennen van Hook's article *I'm Surviving Housewifery—I Think* in your June issue [page 36]. I wish all the educated, frustrated young housewives of today's America could read it.

I have long believed that women who feel they must use their education in the outside world simply because they have it are not placing the correct value on that education. Each intelligent woman should have an education because it is the best life insurance she could have should she be forced to raise a family alone. That is reason enough for the education.

As for me, the most important thing I can do with my life is to smooth the way for my husband, a teacher, in his efforts to make a contribution to a better world

through his students and to devote my energies to the task of teaching my children to be good citizens of the church and the world. What more challenging task could any woman find to do?

MRS. JUDIE FLETCHER
Ontario, Oreg.

HE'S IN VIET NAM 'TO KEEP COMMUNISM OUT OF OUR COUNTRY'

My wife has just sent me a copy of the April issue, and I am very unhappy with the article *A Minister Challenges the Draft* [page 26]. It seems to me that the Rev. Bob Olmstead can't make up his mind. He says he is against the draft and then states that ministers should not be exempt from the draft.

I have been serving in Viet Nam for five months and have been in the Navy as a hospital corpsman for six years. I don't mind people who are conscientious objectors or anything of that type if they are true to their convictions.

I hope that people who read the article about Mr. Olmstead do not all believe as he does and at least give support to our fighting men in the Viet Nam war. We are here for a reason: to keep communism out of our country so that we can live like free men and in the style that we are accustomed to.

I was introduced to The United Methodist Church by my wife a year ago, and I am planning to become a member of the church after I return from Viet Nam. I hope that the people of the church do not let down the boys here in Viet Nam fighting to keep them free.

JAMES B. SHULTZ
U.S. Navy
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

RESISTANCE TO THE DRAFT AN ACT OF PATRIOTISM

May I respond to the letter of Mrs. Glory Devlin who asked, "How do I teach my children?" [See *Letters*, July, page 48.]

Mrs. Devlin does not lack faith, but she does seem to lack understanding of U.S. intervention and aggression in a civil war in a small, primitive Asian nation. "I know duty to my country," she wrote. She also has a duty to her children and to all young men who are subject to military draft. And she owes something to the oppressed and pitiful people in South Viet Nam whose rice fields

are drenched with the blood of American soldiers.

This is a rich man's war fought by the poor man's sons. The only people it helps are the munitions manufacturers and others who gain financially.

It occurs to me that those of us who love our country can best serve it now by appealing to our policy makers in Washington to save the hundreds of lives we are losing weekly in Viet Nam while they fumble futilely for a "peace with honor." The war began in dishonor. It has never kept one Communist from our shores. Why should more soldiers be sacrificed just to save red faces in Washington? It is an act of patriotism to resist the draft.

MRS. PEARL CHENOWETH
Santa Ana, Calif.

FEELING TIRED IS NEGATING GOD'S SOVEREIGNTY

In response to *I'd Rather Be Tired* by Ruth Esbjornson [June, page 22], I would like to submit this belief:

"Faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen." Granted that on every hand our world is in turmoil, there is a saying that it is darkest before the dawn. As the Dark Ages were followed by the Renaissance, so perhaps the great turmoil in the world now is the prelude to an era of great progress in man's learning to live with his fellowman.

To me, feeling tired because of the turmoil is negating God's sovereignty. Faith that God will endow human beings with the prescience necessary to sense "the assurance of things hoped for" and to work toward establishing it is worshiping God rather than mammon.

Life is a wonderful gift from God. Our responsibility to him is to live our lives in faith that he will see us through these trying times. Let each of us be joyous that perhaps I, even I, may be allowed to demonstrate in some small way that God is alive and eager to be brought into being for people not yet aware of him. How? "Truly . . . as you did it to one of the least of these . . ."

MRS. CATHARINE FAIRLEY
Roundup, Mont.

WHAT ABOUT LOVE OF MANKIND AND LOVE OF LIBERTY?

I differ with Clyde R. Bower who said in his June letter that next to love of God is love of country. [See *Love of Country Is Basic*, June, page

48.] I would substitute for the latter, love of mankind and, perhaps next in importance, love of liberty.

Any land that practices principles of democracy, I feel, can awaken the emotion of loyalty. Is it not that which has endeared our country to us and, alas, now awakens feelings of rejection as we see it becoming militaristic and engaging in activities that, to me, no follower of Christ should engage in?

"One person I have to make good and that is I myself." In this effort I find that in trying to be a Christian I cannot take another's life nor abet anyone else in so doing for any reason whatsoever.

MRS. DOROTHY BAILEY
Lake Placid, Fla.

MORE TO 'BITTER PILL' THAN IT FIRST APPEARS

I would like to reply to Mrs. Cleo Quillin's letter in the June issue. [See *Something to Sing About—Or a Bitter Pill?* page 47.] Her objection was to your April cover and to the "Love Is a Bitter Pill" banner in the same issue.

I feel Mrs. Quillin left out the important part of the wording of the "Singing Love" cover. Besides the lines she quoted, it goes on to say:

*He Rose / In Silence
If the song is to continue
We must do the singing.*

Wow! Does anyone else feel as I do? Weren't we just tossed the ball?

May I explain why I feel the "Love" banner is so meaningful? Love as it comes from God is a kind of love which says: "I love you in spite of, because of, your failings and shortcomings. There is nothing you can do that is so terrible as to separate you from my love."

On the surface this is a wonderful "pill." I can't tell you how quickly I gobbled that pill. Then something happened. It opens your eyes so you see how a Christian ought to love. It strips off the outer layer of skin and leaves you much more sensitive to things as they really are.

And at the center is a pep pill that says, "Go thou and do likewise!"

"Love is a bitter pill" sums it up perfectly for me. You see when I took that pill so eagerly, I thought it was an aspirin to take away pain!

MRS. ELLA MAE SCOVILLE
Brookfield, Wis.

The Door Is Open



With an empty five-and-dime store property on their hands, lay people of several churches in Des Moines, Wash., created a combination coffeehouse, bookstore, and community center.

By ANN RULE

"I REALLY like it here—it's the only place in town where nobody yells at you!" That's "The Door" to an eight-year-old. To a teen-ager, it's "a groove"; to a senior citizen, a "real nice place." To a housewife desperate for a modicum of peace and tranquillity, The Door is a welcome haven.

The Door—of Des Moines, Wash.—is a bookstore, a coffeehouse, an art gallery, a dance hall, a forum. To the citizens of this small town, it is a modern version of the old-time country store where visitors could be

assured of a friendly welcome, a bit of news, some conversation more meaningful than the hectic pleasantries flung out in today's efficient supermarkets.

Most of all, The Door is a remarkably successful ecumenical experiment in serving the needs of one community and it is carried out completely by lay church members.

The Door's physical plant was once a variety store on the main street of this town of 3,800 people, midway between Seattle and Tacoma on the shores of Puget Sound. When the



Book browsing is a common activity at *The Door*, where some paperback titles stirred early controversy. Teens converge on the spot after school and during summer for refreshments, games, and gab. Organized programs have included films, art, photo exhibits, folk and rock music, and discussions.



owners retired, a local couple bought the building and offered it to fellow members of two Presbyterian churches. "Here it is," they said. "Do what you want with it—use it the best way you know how for Christian ministry."

It was an awesome challenge, too big to be tackled by one denomination alone. Lay members in many

churches brainstormed over the problem for months. Finally, the concept of a bookstore-community center evolved.

The bylaws of *The Door* of Des Moines Association states that it exists "to provide a means of extending the Christian ministry to the community through a nondenominational structure. This ministry will be carried

out through activities designed to attract nonaffiliated persons into dialogue with Christians, to expose their feelings, and promote their interest and involvement in God as well as other responsible activities in the community."

Initial assets were an empty three-story building and a few scattered donations. Local churches were enthusiastic about the idea but could provide no funds—only members willing to work. When a lumber company donated several gallons of paint, lay members from several churches pitched in almost 2,000 hours of free labor to transform the old store into a sunny, yellow-walled room. The furniture was Spartan but interesting: giant tables made from wooden wire-spools discarded by the power company, and painted with flower designs by teen-age volunteers.

The north wall of the room was designated the art gallery, and hung with original paintings which have been replaced time and again—sometimes with work done by residents of nearby Wesley Gardens, a United Methodist-related retirement home, sometimes with displays by local high-school students. Once there was a display of Corita Kent's joyful posters dancing against the lemon-hued walls.

Book racks lined the walls, and with well-meaning naivete, the book committee ordered several hundred dollars worth of paperbacks from the area's largest distributor. Three days before the grand opening, the committee learned that they hadn't ordered books on consignment as they had thought—they had to have cash! The distributor felt the venture was foolhardy. Cash assets at that point fell largely to the cent side of the decimal point.

The committee approached a second distributor and hastily outlined their plans and hopes for *The Door*. The owner heard them out in silence, then said, "I like your idea; take what you want and pay me when you begin to make a profit."

One of the early members recalls, "Here was a total stranger and he let us drive off with \$700 worth of books! It made us feel that we were meant

to accomplish what we'd set out to do."

The relationship with the book dealer who was willing to gamble on The Door has continued and book sales in the first year have assured him of regular checks, with book-committee members picking up new books almost weekly.

Religious works are available in all categories but stock is definitely not limited to theology. As one Door member explains, "We hope to reach people who might never become involved in Christian conversation and fellowship in any other way. If we were solely a 'Bible bookstore,' they'd never come in at all."

This diverse selection caused The Door's first problems. A group of self-appointed censors began a campaign castigating the church-endorsed establishment for stocking books mentioning sex, sin, and communism. After several skirmishes, marked by angry letters to editors and local ministers, the complainers were asked to attend a Door board meeting and the matter was settled firmly, if not amicably.

"We didn't want to be mean," one board member recalls, "but these people were intimidating our volunteer clerks and bothering patrons who came in. First, we prayed for our detractors. Then we told them that they were welcome at any time, but that if they started yelling at our clerks, they'd be asked to leave. They still come in, but everything has been peaceful since . . ."

The Door depends completely on volunteer labor. It is open six days a week from nine to nine, staffed entirely by lay church members who work three-hour shifts. The morning shift tends the plants, plugs in the coffeepot, and sees that the cookies and crackers are ready for the morning trade of neighboring businessmen. By the time the night clerk has set up the coffeepot for next morning, wiped the tables, toted up the cash register balance, and said good-night to a few teen-agers lingering by the pop machine, there may have been some exchanges, whether spiritual or conversational, that meant something special.

Clerks aren't ministers or psychologists but they're concerned, and this genuine interest shows. Says one clerk: "I think we've all wanted to help in some way, help *somebody* . . . but we didn't know how. The Door puts us in touch with something beyond our own little circle."

Another clerk argued regularly with the same customer once a week for nearly a year; they discussed a wide range of topics, sometimes heatedly. He came in for the last time and said, "I want to thank you—you *listened to me* . . ."

An elderly woman stopped in one afternoon, returning from her critically ill husband's bedside in a Seattle hospital; she needed to tell somebody about it before she went home alone. A young expectant mother came in to buy a book on baby care, and stayed to be assured by the clerk (a four-time mother) that babies aren't really as complicated as some people think. A retired man who once sat home near desperation each day with his equally depressed wife finds a morning coffee break at The Door a chance to get back in the mainstream of the world around him. A teen-age boy was welcomed when he asked, "Can I sit and read, or do I have to buy something?"

Des Moines is not an isolated, wide spot in some rural road. But even in this fast-growing suburban island between Seattle and Tacoma—each is about 20 miles away—people can feel lonely, alienated, and cut off.

The elderly residents of Des Moines' four retirement homes—Judson Park, Wesley Gardens, Wesley Terrace, and the Masonic Home—like The Door; many of them drop in and several work as volunteer clerks. They may not always agree with some of the teen-age patrons, but they are in a position to communicate ideas, to discuss their disagreements.

The benefits of volunteer clerking is a two-way street. Clerks range in age from 16 to 78, and few would care to miss a week. There are teachers, housewives, businessmen, retired folks, students.

For a full year, a young parolee who "wanted to do something with a church for a change" worked partners



The Door attracts all ages. Residents of Des Moines' four retirement homes are made to feel welcome, and several of them serve as volunteer clerks.

on one shift with a manual-training teacher who has been described as a "low-pressure Christian." The young man finished his apprenticeship and left with his self-esteem and empathy for his fellows considerably enriched. Another clerk, a recent widow, came into The Door once out of curiosity, found it charming, and asked, "Could you possibly use me?" She now works regularly.

Some workers find conversation easy; others admit it takes some doing to talk to "somebody who might think I'm pushy." All have been surprised that so many customers do want to talk. The Door's main function and value has been simply to *be there*.

Beyond "being there," however, Door sponsors have undertaken many projects and discussions. The Back Door—a downstairs quarters painted by teens to their own tastes (some might say bizarre tastes)—has a record dance every Saturday night and occasionally brings in live performers. Discussion groups have met to discuss everything from abortion to drug use. The latter discussion, led by a Seattle Lutheran minister, pulled

in hippie types from the street who at first were ill at ease to be in a "church groove," but then went out and brought back friends.

Dozens of teens a week meet downstairs for Young Life and Campus Life meetings, and one leader hopes to introduce a Bible-study group, too. The Des Moines Ladies Improvement Society, composed of longtime residents in their 70s and 80s, meets once a month—with little active "improvement" undertaken these days, but lots of fun. The League of Women Voters reserves space once a month. There have been folk music and jazz-rock sessions.

One of the most popular programs was a Catholic nun from Seattle who gave a guitar concert and sang her original songs. Said one patron: "She got the Christian message across without hitting you between the eyes with it!" Another program was presented by citizens of Seattle's Central Area, who explained the goals of "Operation Equality" in opening equal access to housing for minority groups.

A new project is the Forum Theatre. The Door shows provocative motion pictures at the neighborhood theater just down the street, after which the audience is invited to The Door for free coffee and discussion. Among the movies shown this season were *A Thousand Clowns*, *The Gospel According to Matthew*, *The Manchurian Candidate*, *The L-Shaped Room*, *The Servant*, and *To Kill a Mockingbird*. Forum Theatre got off to a running start when a psychology professor from the local junior college saw *A Thousand Clowns* and "suggested" that his students attend.

The Rev. Craig T. Harper, pastor of the local United Methodist church, speaks favorably of the film series and adds, "Yes, we find The Door a highly significant activity to have in the midst of the community—a touchstone for the churches." He predicts that because the project has a substantial base of support from the churches and church people, it probably will continue to operate for some time. The Door's board chairman, Henry A. Shomber, is also chairman of the administrative board of the United Methodist church.

Financially, The Door carries its own weight with book sales. Rent from a small apartment on the third floor of the building is also tossed

into the kitty. After payments for utilities and supplies, there has been enough left over to buy a rug and some new tables and chairs. (The wire-spool tables were fine conversation pieces, but they had splinters!) There is a small but steady income from Passe Place, the little room in the back where readers delight in finding used magazines for a penny apiece, paperbacks for a dime, and hardbacked oldies for a quarter.

What lies ahead for The Door? At the least, the first year's success promises a deepening and broadening of present programs. Members of the association also hope to interest members of more churches and to explore new fields of service—perhaps some help in job therapy, or

the establishment of a halfway house for disturbed teens or adults. Already church congregations in Issaquah, a community 30 miles east of Des Moines, have begun their Door counterpart. Hopefully the concept will spread still farther to other communities.

But for right now, the Episcopalians are holding a rummage sale in the basement; the Presbyterians, accompanied by several Episcopalians, are off picking up new books; there's one United Methodist clerk on duty and another one cleaning up the used-book room; and the minister from a Church of Christ congregation is coming soon to lead a group discussion on "getting involved."

The Door is open, indeed! □

What Peace?

Hopefully he embraced religion,
Recommended as the unrivalled source
Of peace of mind.

He found,
When he went honestly into it,
No ease, no peace:
But new involvements
(Not to be shunted off)
With neighbor, another race,
With the whole world.

There was a peace, however:
Not an after-dinner contentedness;
But a feeling of sureness
That Someone was leading on
In all the frightening jungles
Of tangled human relationships—
Leading on to ultimate
Fulfillment.

—Harriet R. Bean

TV & Films

THERE'S a holdup in the Bronx / Brooklyn's broken out in fights / There's a traffic jam in Harlem / That's backed up to Jackson Heights . . .

No, those are not the lyrics for the evening news. But they could be. And the antic behavior of Tootey and Muldoon, or their 1969 successors, will have little relation to symptoms of our pressing social problems. Do not expect to view the typical evening schedules of the fall TV season and find anything that is relevant to sources of crime in our streets, rioting in our ghettos, or urban traffic jams to say nothing of starvation in Biafra, slaughter in Viet Nam, or nuclear proliferation.

What is again in store for us is "popular entertainment in a variety of forms," which, according to NBC board chairman, Walter Scott, "predominates in our schedules because it responds to the interests and the preferences of the majority of the audience." And the decree which has gone out from the Caesars of the TV realm is that such entertainment must be apolitical and noncontroversial. The Smothers Brothers quit entertaining and went to meddling. Their object lesson has been well communicated, and we should not expect others to similarly transgress soon!

And so, brethren, enticements of the new TV season are abroad in the land. In the midst of wars and rumors of wars, both internal and external, we are offered tranquilization and escape in the guise of entertainment which we all desire so much. Nero and his fiddle had nothing on us and our orthicon tube.

Physical violence will be more remote than any of us can remember (save for the evening news reports of the real world). There is some comfort in knowing that for at least one season death will not be used to sell detergents. But the disjunction between the antiseptic fantasy of the TV world and the virulent brokenness of the real world is evidence of a far greater violence subscribed to by Walter Scott and his audience majority.

On balance, what will the new season look like? Rather than categorize the new programs by such traditional headings as "Western," "Adventure," and so forth, I have devised something different. (All times Eastern Daylight.)

Hold-Your-Breath Programs—May have adequate production qualities as well as some social significance.

Bill Cosby—NBC, Sundays at 8:30 p.m. Though this is a situation comedy, I cannot believe that Cosby, portraying a teacher, will not say something significant.

Medical Center—CBS, Wednesdays at 9 p.m. Don't expect discussions of Medicare, but perhaps this can get us into the ethics of transplants, euthanasia, malnutrition, child abuse, and the like.

Room 222—ABC, Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m. Life in an integrated high school focuses on two black teachers, a white student teacher, and a white principal.

Warm-Glow Programs—Probably nothing of social significance, but there may be some object lesson to justify the category title.

To Rome With Love—CBS, Sundays at 7:30 p.m. Widower and three daughters residing in Rome.

The New People—ABC, Mondays at 8:15 p.m. That's right: 8:15. A planeload of a cross section of American youth crash-lands, survives, and sets up its own society on a deserted tropical island. Could be a *Lord of the Flies* or a *Bikini Beach*.

The Governor and J.J.—CBS, Tuesdays at 9:30 p.m. J.J. is the daughter. Don't expect to see many of the Governor's political problems—but maybe a few?

Marcus Welby, M.D.—ABC, Tuesdays at 10 p.m. Robert (Father Knows Best) Young returns with stethoscope to joust across the generation gap with his brash young motorcycle house call assistant.

The Courtship of Eddie's Father—ABC, Tuesdays at 8 p.m. Again, disaster has struck TV families, and most are one-parent affairs. Nevertheless, there may be some warmth here.

The Brady Bunch—ABC, Fridays at 8 p.m. Happiness here. Widower with three sons marries widow with three daughters. Testy maid, wooly dog, and wily cat complete the family.

Jimmy Durante Presents the Lennon Sisters—ABC, Fridays at 10 p.m. If Durante's vinegar can cut the "sisters" sweetness, this may be worth a look-see.

Sleep-Time Programs—For when you have brain fog and nothing better to do.

Leslie Uggams—CBS, Sundays at 9 p.m. Music and guests.

The Bold Ones—NBC, Sundays at 10 p.m. Adventure.

My World—NBC, Mondays at 7:30 p.m.

The Music Scene—ABC, Mondays at 7:30 p.m. Sort of a contemporary Hit Parade.

Then Came Branson—NBC, Wednesdays at 10 p.m.

Jim Nabors Hour—CBS, Thursdays at 8 p.m. If you like TV grits and chittlins.

Mr. Deeds Goes to Tawn—ABC, Fridays at 8:30 p.m. Small-town newspaper publisher.

Bracken's World—NBC, Fridays at 10 p.m.

Andy Williams—NBC, Saturdays at 7:30 p.m.

Forget-It Programs—Surely you have something better to do.

The Survivors—ABC, Mondays at 9 p.m. Conceived by Harold Robbins of *Carpetbaggers* fame. Nuff said.

Love, American Style—ABC, Mondays at 10 p.m. Modern romance, sort of pulp television.

Well, there you have them brethren. Perhaps I have been too harsh, or too gentle. After you have had a chance to view these, tell me. —David O. Poindexter

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

August, 24, 4-5 p.m., EDT on ABC—*To Be Black*. Problems of black people in many situations.

September 5, 8:30-10 p.m., EDT on NBC—*Artur Rubenstein*. Conversation with and performance by.

September 6, 9-10 p.m., EDT on NBC—*The Circus Hall of Fame*.

September 6, 10-12 p.m., EDT on NBC—*Miss America* beauty pageant.

September 7, 10-11 p.m., EDT on NBC—*The Battle of Britain*.

September 8, 8-9 p.m., EDT on NBC—*Jack Paar Special*.

September 9, 9:30-11 p.m., EDT on CBS—*Theodore White's Making of a President, 1968*.

September 10, 10-11 p.m., EDT

on NBC—*Lena Horne Special*.

September 14, 7:30-8 p.m., EDT on NBC—*The Archie Special*. Cartoon with Reggie, Veronica, Betty, Jughead, et al.

September 14, 8-9 p.m., EDT on CBS—*Make Room For Granddaddy*. A Danny Thomas special.

September 18, 8-9 p.m., EDT on CBS—*The Natural History of Our World: The Time of Man* from New York's Museum of Natural History centennial celebration.

Also in **September** watch for these ABC specials:

Ethics in Congress. Former and present lawmakers speak out.

The Endless Summer. Feature film presentation. □

CURRENT FILMS OF INTEREST

Papi—Alan Arkin is perfect as a Puerto Rican father in Harlem who wants to give his two sons a new life on the outside. He concocts a Moseslike plan to bring them into Miami as Cuban refugees. A moving tale that stretches credulity, but once again reveals Arkin as a superb character actor. Film suggests that public sympathy is quick to surround the individual, but is callous to man's suffering in the mass. (G rating.)

Teorema (R rating)—An important film for the art-house circuit. Director Pier Paolo Pasolini is concerned about belief in God, and this is his way of symbolically asking what God's presence would

do to an average family. Skip this if you are not prepared for some outrageous religious symbolism. Erotic content limits audience to adults.

Goodbye Columbus—When Phillip Roth wrote his *novella* in 1959, college students were considered passive and self-centered. A decade later, this film version may be out of tune with rebellious youth but on target with its insights into young love. Witty and sad, the story looks at a summer romance between two attractive but unsettled Jewish youngsters. Frank dialogue and situations limit audience to older teens and adults (R rating)

Teens

By DALE WHITE

IT IS no disgrace to suffer emotional disturbance. It is no disgrace to seek help. How can we help young people and their parents to wake up to this fact?

Most every family brushes close to mental illness, at least in its milder forms, at some time. If not afflicted, they have friends or neighbors who are. This girl can tell us what it is like to be looking at the problem from the inside:

"I'm a girl, 15, rather large and clumsy, and I think I need help before I crack! I'm scared and I don't know who I can turn to for help here on earth anymore. I am a Christian. I come from a Christian family, and I'm president of our UMYF, but I'm not popular. I've got a problem—I'm afraid of people! I live in my fantasies because I fear the world. I'm afraid of people laughing at me, and I am always afraid that everyone hates me.

"Last year was a bad one for me. I was petrified of this teacher. I don't really know why, but every time I saw her I'd start to shake and all. In class she kept chiding me and embarrassing me in front of everyone about my daydreaming. I lived in my fantasies almost constantly. Outside of class she always smiled at me so that I shivered, and once it got me so badly that, when I passed her in the hall, I turned and ran into the lavatory.

"I thought that I was over my feelings this year because I never saw her, but one day I passed her in the hall and that same old fear came over me once more. I shivered and I wanted to run and hide.

"Last year I used to eat lunch real fast, and then I'd go and hide in a dark stairway corner because I was afraid to go with the others. I'd just stand there in the corner and sing or cry or pray. Again, I stopped it this year, but just recently whenever I get scared I've been going to that corner again.

"People say I'm friendly and outgoing, and I'm anything but shy. But when I'm alone I get all scared, and I get all sorts of terrifying feelings inside me. Whenever anyone criticizes me or anything, I think they hate me, and I want to run and hide or be alone to cry. I'm known as a nut



Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1963 by Warner Press, Inc.

"I take my religion seriously. I get into arguments almost every day!"

because I love people and I want to make everyone happy. People do say I make them feel lots better. But yet inside I'm so scared of such unnatural things.

"I'm a fanatic about psychiatry and psychology and want to be a psychiatric nurse when I graduate. I've read oodles of books on the subject and the kids at school have labeled me 'Jr. Psychiatrist.' But with all the strange feelings I get and all, I've been wondering if I could take it. I went in to see my guidance counselor at school, a most kind, understanding person. We had a long, long, talk. I asked him how I could be sure it wouldn't affect me in the wrong way.

"I explained that there is a long history of emotional instability in my family and that my aunt, grandmother, and father have all at one time been under the care of a psychiatrist. I wanted to tell him more but chickened out and just told him that I do some pretty weird things that I don't understand.

"I wanted to break down and cry but I couldn't, and he just gently reassured me that we all do strange things. I left feeling better, and he

made me promise to stop in if ever I needed reassurance or if I was worried about anything. But I'm still not sure. I think I need help or something and I don't want my parents to know."

What are some signs that we need help? Deep, dark depression which lasts over many months, prevents us from doing our work, or makes us think about suicide. Spooky, weird, creepy feelings, ideas, or mental pictures which are so strong they disturb our sleep, affect our behavior, or scare us half out of our wits. A sudden personality change which no one can understand, and which does not go away. A long history of stormy relationships with people, constant trouble with officials, or extreme fear of people. A strong craving for, or heavy use of, the mood-changing drugs, whether alcohol, marijuana, or "pills."

Where can help be found? Most young people find that a talk with the minister, family doctor, or school guidance director is the best place to begin. They can offer support and reassurance and help the

parents to understand. And they know the networks of agencies and specialists who can help to bring healing. Many young people report that prayer and a sense of God's presence held them together during desperate months.

What can the rest of us do? We can be *human* to those who are different or troubled. We can listen to them with a sensitive ear. We can stand up for them when others attack them. We can draw them into fellowship groups at school and church.



I am writing in reply to "T.P." in the June *Teens* column [page 54]. She is worried about her expressions of grief for her dead brother. When I was 19, my father died. We were extremely close and it took me many months before I could even accept the fact that he had died. Now, over four years later, I can accept his death, but my grief is still very real to me.

I miss my father very much and have many wonderful memories of our relationship. My mother, two brothers, and sister talk of him often, and there are many times when I still cry. I don't think I'll ever be totally free from these emotions, and I don't want to be. I'm not ashamed of my feelings because I loved my father, and I want others to know what a fine person he was.—R.S.

Your words are very helpful. Our grief work does not require us to get rid of all painful feelings of loss but to learn to absorb them into the fabric of a productive life. Also, the rulebook doesn't say we have to forget about the one we loved. We need only to grow beyond the numb shock and the searing pain, until we can live with our memories with poise and balance.



I am just like R.D. in the February *Teens* [page 51], who complained that no one shared his intellectual interests. I, too, go in for philosophy. I read Plato in abundance and think Bertrand Russell (even if I am a Christian) is fabulous. I'll debate anyone and argue with anyone—anytime. I sort of feel if they are intelligent enough to oppose me



she can't learn

all about God in School.

Where will she learn? In church.
And in the home.

What are you doing in your home to teach your child about God? Daily devotions, such as are found in The Upper Room, will help you and your family learn more about God. Thousands of families have found this to be true.

SPECIAL FEATURE —

Meditations by educators, students, lawyers, doctors make up the September - October issue. Write for a free sample copy.

THE UPPER ROOM

The World's Most Widely Read Daily Devotional Guide, 1908 Grand Ave., Nashville, Tenn. 37203



NO CAMPING
NO SWIMMING
NO HIKING
NO RELAXING
NO FISHING
NO HUNTING
NO RIDING
NO SIGHTSEEING



Only you can prevent forest fires.

without getting emotional about it they probably know more than I anyway.

As for your suggestion of finding a kindred spirit among teachers, this is close to impossible. Teachers are adults whose intellectual interests center mainly around one point (e.g., science, English, and so forth). They have a very difficult time discussing the shape of the world. I wish I could get R.D.'s address, so I could write. It gets kind of lonesome around here.—C.S.

I wish I could give you R.D.'s name and address, but I can't. We think it best not to give out anyone's name and address so that whoever writes to this column knows ahead of time that his identity will be kept secret. It is a shame that young people who have fertile and alert minds should so often find themselves trapped in intellectual deserts.

Does anyone have any suggestions for ways to break out of this trap? How about a philosophy club? Those who belong could contact nearby colleges to see if they could attend special lectures. Speakers could be brought in. Members could write reviews of classical works in philosophy, ethics, theology, or whatever. Many ministers like to debate these subjects. A local minister might be the adult sponsor for the club.



I am a 17-year-old girl. I have just read a letter from a girl who said that Christians are supposed to be set apart from the world. Christians should not be set apart from the world but should be a vital part of the world. For too many centuries Christians have been sitting in their monasteries or little prayer rooms wailing about the sins of the world but never doing anything about them. I am glad that finally we have become involved in this world for Christ was totally involved in the world.

That girl also said that the world's not good. I strongly disagree. The world is a wonderful place, throbbing with life and challenging all of us to be a part of it. Sure there is suffering, death, and starvation. I want to cry every time I see a picture of a child with a swollen belly or a young boy filled with shrapnel. But it is our duty as Christians to relieve this suffering

and to make the world enjoyable to every person. When I see a child laugh at a squirrel running up a tree, or see two young lovers walking hand in hand, or see a farmer with wrinkles of toil etched on his face finger the leaf of a cornstalk he has tended from a seed, or see a baby take its first steps, then I know that this world isn't all bad. God gave us life to live and to live abundantly.

Dancing is a wonderful and thrilling part of life. It lets us express our emotions in a healthy way. Life and the world are wonderful, and to be a Christian in them is even more wonderful. If it takes not-dancing to prove that a person is a Christian, then that person is not living as Christ lived. Not only did Christ weep, he celebrated. Not only did Christ attend funerals, he attended weddings.—A.B.

I cannot help feel you are very close to the New Testament spirit.



I am having problems concerning my boyfriend. He comes to school dressed like a garage mechanic. He wears old tennis shoes and no socks. He wears pants that are worn out and sometimes even have holes in them. He even dresses like this on dates. Everyone looks at him. It makes me feel embarrassed. I like him an awful lot, but I wish he would care what he looks like. I'm scared to tell him anything. He's taking me to the prom. He said he was going to wear tennis shoes with his outfit. I don't know if he was kidding or not. I hope so.—P.B.

It is hard from a distance to know why your boyfriend dresses so shabbily. Not knowing what it means, suggesting an appropriate response is not easy.

Some boys dress this way to announce to the world that they will not be domesticated by what they see as the female plot to make them nice, gentle, perfumed, and obedient—and, therefore, less than men.

College-age kids often "dress down" because they prefer a relaxed, informal, "hang loose" style of life. They don't like the way everybody gets up tight in our society. Or they take a kind of modern vow of poverty, to say they do not want to become so dependent on material things that

all the joy gets squeezed out, the way it is with their parents.

Some are angry at being jammed into a mold and dress differently to say, "Hey, everybody! I'm going to be me! Not one of your standardized, mass-produced copies of a real self." Others are angry, and want to thumb their noses at principals, parents, other kids, or everybody—maybe even God.

Through some frank talks you might be able to discover why this style is important to your boyfriend. Then you can sense the appropriate ways to support and reassure him as a person, while helping him to see why some reasonable conformity is important to you.



I have a big problem. A boy was going with one of my best friends. He walked me home a couple of times and she was getting kind of jealous because he never walks her home. Now he has broken up with her because he likes me. I like someone else, so that creates a big mess. I asked my mother if I could have a party to get them back together. She said wait until spring, which won't help. I feel so responsible for the mess. My friend doesn't have any bad feelings toward me, at least I don't think so, but she still likes the boy. Do you have any ideas or solutions? It's really important to me.—A.O.

These things usually untangle themselves in time. Try not to feel overly responsible for everyone else's feelings. You could perhaps bring a little order into the chaos by telling the boy you like someone else, and encouraging him to continue dating your girl friend.



Tell Dr. Dole White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through *Teens*. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Pork Ridge, Ill. 60068.
—Your Editors

BOOKS

IT IS NO less painful for a nation than for a person to put aside illusions and accept reality. At this point, which is the threshold of maturity, there is, inevitably, confusion, rebellion, frustration, and conflict.

It is this clash between America's traditional vision of itself—the beloved American dream—and the hard, discordant realities that has thrown us into the crisis that wrenches every part of our society today. This is the message of **America in Crisis** (Holt Rinehart Winston, \$12.95, cloth; \$4.95, paper). With pictures by Magnum Photos and text by Mitchell Levitas of *The New York Times* magazine, this handsome book is a powerful report on us, the people of the United States, in the sixth decade of the 20th century.

"American inventiveness has produced the most advanced technology on earth," Levitas sums it up, "but the country seems to be producing more and enjoying it less. The worship of youth as instigators of innovation and reform has been transformed, in the words of one critic, into 'war against the young.' The myth of equality is confronted by the fact of racism. Affluence barely conceals our 25 million poor. Mobility creates rootlessness; pursuing internal frontiers, the average family stays in one place for no more than five years. The speed of social change is greater than our institutions can

harness, causing communities and individuals to lose the sense that they can control their own future. A people which has enjoyed peace and stability for most of its history turns inward to find itself divided and angry."

Among Magnum photographers are some of the finest photojournalists we have today, and Mitchell Levitas is a seasoned, perceptive reporter. They have given us an unforgettable look into the face of our nation, in all its strength and weakness.

The Chinese use two characters to write crisis, says Whitney M. Young, Jr., National Urban League executive director, in **Beyond Racism** (McGraw-Hill, \$6.95). One represents danger, the other opportunity.

Not a militant leader, but fully aware of the danger inherent in the racial crisis ("America is poised at the brink of disaster"), Young stresses the opportunity the crisis gives us to build the first society in the history of the world that is truly open and alive with possibilities for men of all races.

His proposals for how to do it are less moderate than past Urban League activities would suggest, but they fall short of Black Manifesto demands [page 40]. Among his:

"Churches . . . should use their immense investment portfolios to back slum rehabilitation, inte-

Man—master, or slave, in a depersonalized world? Picture by Burk Uzzle, from *America in Crisis*.



Robes for Choir and Clergy



35 STYLES • 35 COLORS
15 SUPERB FABRICS

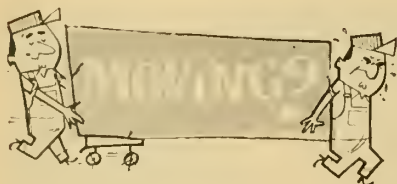
Send for complete catalog of styles and fabric samples. Miniature cutout shows how each fabric and color appears as a finished robe.

Catalogs available on request for all church goods categories. Simply state your interest. No obligation.

National

CHURCH GOODS SUPPLY CO.
821-23 Arch St., Phila., Pa. 19107

CHURCH FURNITURE—PARAMENTS
ALTAR APPOINTMENTS



ATTACH
HERE
YOUR
LABEL
FROM
AN OLD
TOGETHER

fill out
and
mail to:

TOGETHER
201 8TH AVE. SO.
NASHVILLE
TENNESSEE
37202

NAME

NEW ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

ZIP

grated housing developments, and other socially beneficial projects. Part of their funds could be placed in black-controlled banks, which provide credit for black businessmen. Churches could use their great wealth as a club to force other institutions to change . . .

"It goes without saying that churches should be taking the lead, with integrated memberships and integrated schools that provide subsidies for ghetto children. Churches should be involved in civil rights action programs and in attempts to organize poor communities. But they've also got to go out and fight for social legislation. . . . Race is a moral issue."

Former national director of the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), Floyd McKissick practiced constitutional law for 17 years and is a firm believer that social change can be effected within the bounds and spirit of the Constitution and Declaration of Independence.

The Constitution originally defined the black man as "three-fifths" of a man, he says, but subsequent amendments and reinterpretations have removed this discrimination. McKissick outlines Supreme Court civil-rights cases in **Three-Fifths of a Man** (Macmillan, \$4.95) and proposes still further ways in which the Constitution can be used to help blacks attain human rights and freedom. This strong and responsible book ends with a call for black economic power to accompany application of the law.

A six-foot-five minister in North Philadelphia's black ghetto has sparked dramatic evidence of what black economic power can do.

Leon H. Sullivan first hit the news in 1962 as the leader of a succession of boycotts through which 400 black ministers and their congregations succeeded in getting Philadelphia industries to open up employment opportunities to the city's black citizens.

But Leon Sullivan, educated in Union Theological Seminary but born in a ghetto, knew very well that integration without preparation leads only to frustration. So he spearheaded Opportunities Industrialization Center (OIC) to train black workers. Supported by government and industry, similar OIC centers across the United States now serve people of all races.

But even OIC called for basic educational background that many ghetto people did not have, and the next step was the Feeder Program to prepare them to enter the OIC pro-

gram. Then, to get them into the Feeder Program, Adult Armchair Education (AAE) came into being.

Next came a black investment cooperative. The young minister asked 50 members of his congregation at Zion Baptist Church to invest \$10 each and 200 did. With this money and similar investments from other black congregations as a beginning, black capitalism in Philadelphia now has built a million-dollar apartment complex, a \$1.7-million shopping center, an aerospace company, and a garment manufacturing company.

All this, says Mr. Sullivan in **Build, Brother, Build** (Macrae Smith, \$4.95), is essentially the work of the Christian church. How it happened makes an absorbing, enlightening book.

In the ghetto, drugs are not simply for kicks, they are a deluded escape from a blighted reality. It is harder to understand why young people from middle and upper-income families, seemingly with every advantage parents and society can give them, turn to drugs.

Physician Donald B. Louria blames it on a society in which respect for the law is disdained, which is dominated by a technology it cannot or will not control, and in which idealism and achievement appear to have been subverted by a rush to sensate pleasures.

In **The Drug Scene** (McGraw-Hill, \$5.95) he explains, biologically and physically, what each drug does and does not do. Refuting extravagant claims made by several widely publicized drug proselytizers, this valuable reference book also presents new measures for countering the spread of opiates, stimulants, and acid among the young. It is splendid additional reading after you have finished *Half-way Off the Junkie Heap* [page 2].

Encyclopedias are impressive storehouses of knowledge, and are fascinating for browsing as well as looking up facts. But they are also expensive, require a lot of shelf space, reflect a widely varying quality of scholarship, and may go out of date with startling speed. They should be bought discriminately.

The 14-volume **Illustrated Family Encyclopedia of the Living Bible** (Harper & Row, \$59.95) is modestly priced, remarkably compact, and shows little promise of becoming obsolete. And children and adults alike can use it.

Actually, this attractive set of books is two reference works in one. It gives us a profusely illustrated commentary on all the books of the Bible. And then it has an alphabetical reference

HUNGER IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending. For only \$12.00 a month, you can sponsor her, or thousands of other desperate youngsters.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

Since 1938, American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

So won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in Taiwan, India, Brazil, Thailand and Philippines. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)



Write today: Verbon E. Kemp

**CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S
FUND, Inc.**

Box 511, Richmond, Va. 23204



I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most.

I will pay \$12 a month. I enclose first payment of \$_____

Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$_____

☐ Please send me more information

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Registered (VFA-080) with the U.S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible.

Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7

TG 99

"Wonderful World of Raising Money!"

A fascinating education story on record. Prepared for the benefit of organizations seeking NEW IDEAS in fund raising. Profitable! Excellent program material. Play on any record player. FREE if you give name of your group. No obligation; write today.

send for
Free Record

MARION-KAY CO. DEPT. T 99
BROWNSTOWN, INDIANA 47220

Secretarial involved.

That's you as a Chandler girl. Involved in contemporary issues. On the job in vital places. Legal, Medical, Executive, Science Research. As a Chandler-trained professional secretary. Involved in ideas and challenges of today. 1 & 2 yr. courses. Delightful residences in exclusive Back Bay. Accredited as 2-year School of Business.

CHANDLER
SCHOOL FOR WOMEN • BOSTON
448 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02115

GOWNS

CHOIR - PULPIT
Hangings—Stoles

THE C.E. WARD CO.
Incorporated 1905
New London, Oh 44851



CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

HELP WANTED

DIRECTOR FOR NEIGHBORHOOD CENTER.
Contact Wesley Community House, 1100 Varela Street, Key West, Florida 33040, for details and application.

MINISTER OF CHURCH RELATIONS. Opportunity for full range of ministerial duties in large suburban interdenominational church with multiple staff. Details will be sent upon receipt of resumé. Faith United Protestant Church, 10 Hemlock Street, Park Forest, Illinois 60466.

MISCELLANEOUS

VISIT LOVELY LANE The Mother Church of American Methodism and the Museum of the Methodist Historical Society, St. Paul & 22nd Streets, Baltimore, Maryland 21218.

THOSE HORRID AGE SPOTS*



FADE THEM OUT

*Weathered brown spots on the surface of your hands and face tell the world you're getting old—perhaps before you really are. Fade them away with ESOTERICA, that medicated cream that breaks up masses of pigment on the skin, helps make hands look white and young again. Not a cover-up. Acts in the skin—not on it. Equally effective on the face, neck and arms. Fragrant, greaseless base for softening, lubricating skin as it clears up those blemishes. Distributed by the trustworthy 56-year-old Mitchum laboratory. ESOTERICA—at leading toiletry and drug counters. \$2.

section that covers famous Bible stories, the lives of the principal Bible characters, information about biblical lands, and explanations of many diverse subjects.

The list of scholars who have contributed to its making is long and lustrous. Benjamin Mazar, president of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, was chairman of its international editorial board, and special interfaith consultants and contributors included Charles F. Kraft and Edward P. Blair of Garrett Theological Seminary; John L. McKenzie, University of Notre Dame; Herbert C. Brichto, Hebrew Union College; and Allen Paul Wikgren, University of Chicago.

Volumes that would require a couple of thousand feet of shelf space can be contained in six small card trays that would fit on an ordinary bridge table when they are on ultramicrofiche. UMF is the photographic reproduction of materials at very great reductions on a small transparent card.

Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., is developing a series of comprehensive resource and research libraries in this new medium, and the company's president, Charles E. Swanson, predicts that these series will allow many small college libraries to possess the resources of the world's most distinguished libraries for a relatively small part of their budgets.

Ultramicrofiche can contain up to 3,000 images per card, at reductions of 150 times. These are read by using a UMF reader that projects the image onto a viewing screen at normal or slightly larger than normal page size. UMF has the potential of providing every student and faculty member with his own portable reader, and students may be able to acquire a sizable library of selected titles, including a reader, in a package no larger than a standard dictation machine and weighing less than five pounds.

Encyclopaedia Britannica will publish the first library in the UMF series, *The Library of American Civilization, Beginnings to 1914*, in the fall of 1970.

The people in your church or mine could never be like the saints in the East Burlap Church, so we can all read *The East Burlap Parables* (Nebraska, \$3.95, cloth; \$1.95, paper) with just the right mixture of amusement and disdain.

At East Burlap the preceding year's financial report determines which Sunday-school classes occupy which rooms. For years the women's adult Bible class has used the largest, air-

iest, most comfortable classroom—and the nursery uses the furnace room.

The congregation could not agree on the kind of auto to buy the minister, so he drives a Rolls Royce with an Edsel engine. And the whole lawn area is paved in concrete and painted green. The various committees couldn't agree on the length the grass should be cut.

The author, Richard N. Rinker, is minister of Christian education for the Southern Conference of the United Church of Christ.

Layona Glenn celebrated her 100th birthday in 1966 by visiting the White House, where President Johnson gave her a physical-fitness citation, and went on from there to take a brief trip to Brazil. At 103 she has seen her first book come out.

I Remember, I Remember (Revell, \$3.95), written with Atlanta, Ga., newspaper woman Charlotte Hale Smith, is a lively memoir of a busy and useful life that began on a Georgia plantation during Reconstruction. Miss Layona was a Methodist missionary in Brazil for 35 years and founded that country's first Methodist-related women's college. For a short period during World War I she was a translator in New York City and helped break up a spy ring. Since her retirement from the mission field, she has kept busy writing, speaking, and traveling. This resident of Wesley Towers, Atlanta, is a wise and effervescent centenarian.

Abingdon Press, book publishing department of The Methodist Publishing House, received the John Barnes Publisher of the Year Award at the American Booksellers Association convention. Winner in the category for publishers of less than 100 titles a year, Abingdon is the first publisher owned by a religious denomination ever to receive this award.

MIRACULOUS MATHEMATICIAN

By Nelle McCullough

Somehow I have a consoling hunch

That the One who increased a lad's lunch

Till it satisfied a multitude
Can take my small service, often crude,

Increase its worth of dedication
Way beyond my imagination.

Fiction



GOING TO A MOVIE based on a book which you have read and liked is always a dangerous business. Hardly ever does the movie measure up to the book, and the changes are nearly always for the worse. A fellow begins to wish either he had not read the book or had not seen the movie. But, my dear brethren, there are exceptions.

I saw the Hal Wallis production of *TRUE GRIT* the other night, and it was wonderful. If you read this column last November, you will remember a review of *True Grit* by Charles Portis which I recommended enthusiastically. Since movie preview tickets come to my desk regularly, I decided not to miss this one.

Rated *M* (for mature audiences) at the time of the preview showing, the film has since been reedited and given a *G* (for general audiences). The *M* rating worried me, probably because of a snake scene not appropriate for children. John Wayne says "damn" once or twice, but even United Methodists pay this little mind anymore. And to make up for that, the crowd sings *Amazing Grace* just before they hang three rascals.

John Wayne's political ideas do not please me, but no one can deny that he is a popular actor. If his producers give him anything to work with, he makes the most of it. The Lord has endowed him with the physical equipment to present tough Western characters and he does a great job in this picture as Rooster Cogburn, one-eyed U.S. marshal from Fort Smith, Ark., circa 1880. Glen Campbell is a Texan looking for the same man, and he is entirely satisfactory in his role of Le Boeuf.

But the one who reaches our hearts is Mattie Ross of Dardenelle, Yell County, Arkansas. Kim Darby plays her part well-nigh perfectly. This is a girl whose character is composed of "true grit" and whose presence seems to be a judgment on all the smart-alecky hippies who are trying to prove their sophistication. Best of all, she seems quite believable when she hires Cogburn and insists that she go along on the manhunt to catch the former hired man who killed her father. She is a great gal.

My advice would be that you see this picture and even take the children—if you make sure they look somewhere else during those terrible minutes when Mattie falls into the rattlesnake nest. As a matter of fact, it wouldn't do you any harm to look the other way then also for that episode is almost too much.

I want to express my thanks—and I hope to be speaking for a good many United Methodists—to Hal B. Wallis, producer, and to Henry Hathaway, director, for having turned out a picture worthy of the book. My wife and I left the movie theater feeling good. That is the first time it has happened to us in a long, long time.

Now having taken care of the movies, let us look at

two novels. I want to treat them together because they represent two opposing points of view but the same disease. The first is *MR. BRIDGE* by Evan S. Connell, Jr. (*Knopf*, \$5.95). The second is *PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT* by Philip Roth (*Random House*, \$6.95).

Mr. Bridge is a novel about a square and a WASP. He is a good solid citizen, fairly comfortably fixed, who regards his family as if living in his grandfather's day. He insists, for example, that he has no race prejudice, and then his every attitude toward the black man reveals how deeply rooted are the prejudices of racism. He cannot talk to either his son or his daughter with any understanding. Indeed, if he could simply remember his own childhood, he would be better able to cope with some of the problems of today's youth.

Now Mr. Bridge is not altogether an unsympathetic person. One feels a great deal of respect for his solid character and his solid conviction of the reality of certain virtues. He is a man not easily swayed toward any new fad and not overly frightened by any new revolution. I kept telling myself this is the kind of people who, after the shouting is over and the hippies and the yuppies are gone, will still be upholding the republic.

As the book goes forward, we are upset that a man can be going through what we are going through and not be aware of what is happening. The tragedy lies in the ability of a man to isolate himself from his time. His blind, bland point of view strikes the reader not only as conservative but actually as evil. This was the kind of person Jesus was talking about when, now and again losing his patience, he blasted the Pharisees.

We turn now to look at Mr. Portnoy, a rootless rebel who has nothing of Mr. Bridge's foundation to stand on. Portnoy's father is a hardworking collector with a certain humorous twist to his character but without a suitable foundation upon which to build a family. His mother is the Jewish matron without much imagination and with little that is admirable. Through the whole thing Portnoy is haunted and engulfed by sexual fantasies and sexual attitudes which have no more human dignity than those of animals. This is the meaningless, revolutionary ravings of one without history or future.

Philip Roth has certain writing accomplishments, and could have told a story about a Jewish family with great humorous and sympathetic implications. Instead, he gives us Portnoy whose only reason for being described must be an able writer's desire to make some money. Roth is writing about a disease instead of a man.

Why have I put these two books together? Because I think they represent the sicknesses of our time and because one encourages the other. I would take very little delight in having either Mr. Portnoy or Mr. Bridge as my neighbor. Mr. Bridge has brought about Mr. Portnoy and Mr. Portnoy in his reaction to Mr. Bridge has brought about a kind of dead despair in my heart.

This is about all I want to say about either man. However, I will add that you might read Mr. Bridge, but you had better just take my word about Mr. Portnoy.

—GERALD KENNEDY

Bishop, Los Angeles Area, The United Methodist Church



Together With the Small Fry

Summer Night

Afraid of the Dark?

By Verna W. Slightler

AFRAID of the dark? I used to be
Until that summer we spent at the sea,
My mother, father, and I. We three.
We lived in a cottage on the shore,
With the ocean just outside our door.
Under the blue sky and under the sun,
We played in the sand, and it was fun!
I watched the sand crab's funny walk.
I listened to the sea gulls talk.
I danced with the little waves in the sea,
I teased the breakers chasing me.
I liked those long days in the sun,
But I didn't want the night to come.
The night that spread itself around
The house and brought a sound
Like thunder.
I hid under

My bed.

My mother said, "It's only the sea
And it's a pleasant sound to me."

My father said, "I think so, too.

I'll tell you what we're going to do.

Tomorrow night we'll stay outside.

We'll have a picnic and watch the tide."

We sat on rocks that were high and dry
And saw the tide come creeping by.

When the sun dropped into the ocean

I had a funny notion

It might not come out again

Especially when

The fog and mist came rolling in

And the breakers hissed around our feet

And the waves had a hollow, empty beat.

My mother said, "I could stay all night."

My father said, "That would be all right."

But I said, "I want my bed

Where I can cover up my head."

They put out the fire and Dad took my hand



f Wonder

And we walked across the juicy sand
That was warm and wet between my toes
And salt spray tickled in my nose.
"Look," Dad said, "and find a star."
I looked, but it seemed so far
Until I found one. A special star
That glowed and shivered and danced for me.
There in that dark night by the sea,
A blue-white star smiled down at me.

Back home again where the nights are still
So still I can hear a whippoorwill,
My star leans down to wink at me,
The very same star I met at the sea.
Afraid of the dark?
Oh, never again.
Now, as the night comes settling in
I think of it as a friendly thing.
So, if you're afraid, wherever you are,
Just look up—and find your star. □

Sounds By Night

By Ramoncita Sayer O'Connor

When I am in my bed at night
I hear more sounds than when it's light;
Like trucks that snort when they pass by,
Or airplanes buzzing in the sky.
Pianos play and birdies sing,
Crickets chirp like anything!
But when I'm up and out at play
All these sounds just fade away.

Heavenly Lights

By Ida M. Pardue

The lamps in heaven's windows glow
And shine as stars, for us below.

Jottings

"Joyful, joyful, we adore thee,
God of Glory, Lord of love; . . .

Sound familiar? Well, you can sing if you want—but our purpose here is to call attention to the theme of our next *Photo Invitational* based on a grand and happy hymn.

Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee abounds in colorful, poetic imagery. Listen: "Earth and heaven reflect Thy rays . . . Hearts unfold like flowers . . . Field and forest, vale and mountain, flowery meadow, flashing sea, Chanting bird and flowing fountain . . ."

Do these words bring pictures to mind?

TOGETHER's 14th Annual Photo Invitational won't come to life on these pages until the fall of 1970, but we wanted to give our camera clique an early peek at *Joyful, Joyful* . . . , a nature poem of the first order, written in 1907 by the Rev. Henry van Dyke. The music is adapted from the last movement of the masterful *Ninth Symphony* of Ludwig van Beetho-

ven. (More about these two gentlemen of genius when we make formal announcement of the 14th Annual Photo Invitational in next month's issue.)

We believe *Joyful, Joyful, We Adore Thee* will prove as rich a field for inspirational photography as the theme of our 13th Invitational on pages 30-38 in this issue. As we note in our introductory remarks, Pete Seeger's *Turn! Turn!*—inspired by Ecclesiastes 3:1-8—turned up some remarkably good pictures. In fact, we believe this is one of our most successful from the standpoint of photographic quality.

At church next Sunday you may have a chance to study the hymn's words more carefully (it is No. 38 in the new *Methodist Hymnal*, No. 12 in the old, and No. 10 in *The Hymnal* of the former Evangelical United Brethren Church.) In any event, we'll reproduce the lyrics in the October issue, along with the rules and regulations, and announcement of the deadline for submission of color transparencies in early 1970.

Meanwhile, we'd suggest that you let your imagination roam on the wings of a great hymn. The possibilities are as wide as the world and as high as the sky.

Speaking of music, we were surprised and pleased to receive our first musical letter-to-the-editor a few days ago. Mailed to us on recording tape, it was "signed" by the Rev. Richard B. Faris, pastor of Bermuda Hundred United Methodist Church, Chester, Va.

The featured performer, however, is a teen-ager who was in-

spired—even without the aid of professional recording equipment—than much of the music we hear on radio and television. On top of that, she accompanied herself on the guitar.

Mr. Faris said that the tape was made in appreciation of TOGETHER's strong, "creative statement of faith" on the April cover. He said members of the church's Folk Choir had used the words on a banner displayed on their concert tours through Virginia; and he added that Miss Wollenberg had also recorded her song, titled *To Be Alive*, as part of a documentary color film produced recently by the Virginia Conference.

Most of the reader-writers who submit the bulk of 4,000 manuscripts a year to our address have heard that the surest road to success as a writer is to keep "everlastingly at it." One who keeps at it more "everlastingly" than most is Ann Rule, author of *The Door is Open* [page 53], and her sales to a variety of publications prove the point.

"I suppose my main interest—next to my family—is writing," she tells us. "I spend about four hours a day at the typewriter and write away in spite of kids, dogs, and television interference."

Even her letter carrier has come to know what's inside the manila envelopes that come and go from her home in Des Moines, Wash.

"Now when I get a rejection, the mailman always says: 'Don't worry about it—it'll sell to the next place.'"

And, Mrs. Rule adds, "I doubt that big-city writers ever get this much personal concern from the postal department!"

—Your Editors

STAFF

Editorial Director: Ewing T. Wayland
Assistant Editorial Director: Curtis A. Chambers
Managing Editor: Paige Carlin
Art Editor: Robert C. Gass
Picture Editor: George P. Miller
News Editor: Jahn A. Lovelace
Associate Editors: James F. Campbell, Newman Cryer, Helen Johnson, Martha A. Lane, Ira M. Mohler, Charles E. Munsan, Herman B. Teeter, Willmon L. White
Assistants: Mary Finneran (news), Nadine Gratz (production), Sandra Leneau (research)
Contributing Editors: Gerald H. Kennedy, David O. Paindexter, James S. Thomas, James M. Wall, Dale White
Business-Circulation Manager: Warren P. Clark
Advertising Manager: Jahn H. Fisher
Promotion Manager: Lewis G. Akin
Fulfillment Manager: Jack I. Inman
Publisher: Lavick Pierce



spired to write a song when she saw our April cover. Miss Suzanne Wollenberg added words of her own to the cover message printed against the bold green background of the word "SING": "He came singing love / He lived singing love / He died singing love . . ."

Miss Wollenberg, we noted, has a clear, melodious soprano, more

ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

Cover—The Rev. W. George Thornton • Pages 2-3-4-5—C. Edmund Fisher • 12-14-15—Willmon L. White • 17-18-41—RNS • 20—World Council of Churches • 31 Top L.—Gerald L. Van Deusen, Top R.—The Rev. William H. Jones, Bot. L.—The Rev. W. George Thornton, Bot. R.—Bob Coyle • 32 Top—R. P. Howkins, Jr., Bot. L.—Mrs. Paul F. Borker, Bot. R.—Min Sopir • 33—Harold Gorton • 34 Top—Warren O. Lowe, Bot.—Raymond W. Motheny • 35—Mrs. Lindo Colleo Putney • 36-37 Top—Ronald F. Taylor • 36 Bot.—Virginia M. Springman • 37 R.—Elmer E. Nielson • 38—Lyle D. Pouley • 61—Burk Uzzell from *America in Crisis* by Mitchel Levitos, courtesy Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, Inc. • 68—L. K. Jones • 6-8-10-11-23-24-25-26-27-49-53-54-55—George P. Miller.



TOGETHER, Methodism's magazine began in October 1956. CHURCH and HOME, the family magazine of the Evangelical United Brethren, was first published in January 1964.

Now merged for our new church, the new TOGETHER carries on a long tradition of excellence in religious journalism. Bishop Herman W. Kaebnick says, "TOGETHER in its essential role is a vital ministry of our united church. It is influential in our lives! Form the habit of reading it." Bishop Everett W. Palmer said it this way, "How delighted we are with TOGETHER . . . each issue is replete with stimulating arti-

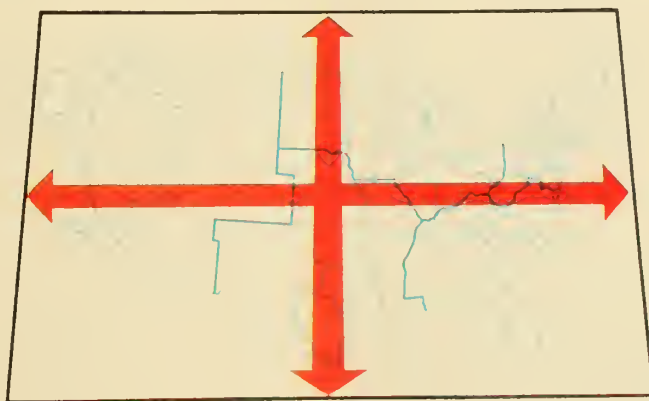
cles and features." "But," Bishop Palmer went on, "the one point where TOGETHER has not reached or excelled expectation is circulation. Others produce it, but we deliver the readers. Circulation is our responsibility."

The Council of Bishops, recognizing the need for more readership in our new church, has endorsed the TOGETHER 69 Emphasis. The Program Council has designated the period of September 28 through November 2 for a churchwide cam-

paign. Everyone is encouraged to subscribe or renew at this time.

TOGETHER agents and pastors will be mailed promotional materials, churchmen will be asked to help with calls and visits. Church leaders will be reporting campaign results early in November. Help your congregation, district, and conference reach its goal. Offer your assistance to your TOGETHER agent or pastor. Write for advance planning booklet.

Together



a general magazine informative and vital to the religious life of all United Methodists

BUSINESS OFFICE: 201 EIGHTH AVENUE SOUTH, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE 37203

DO YOU NEED EXTRA MONEY?



NEW!
SATIN SPLENDOR
CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT
21 really deluxe cards
Excitingly different



NEW!
DELUXE
CHRISTMAS
GIFT WRAPPING
ASSORTMENT
15 gay, colorful large
sheets. Terrific



NEW!
MERRY CHRISTMAS
SAMPLER ASSORTMENT
25 unusual cards of
rare charm reproduced in
colorful embroidery-like
designs. Fabulous



NEW!
HOLY NIGHT
CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT
20 reverently beautiful cards
with appropriate Scripture
sentiments. An outstanding box

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY
White Plains, New York 10606

It costs you nothing to try

\$100.00 IS YOURS

for selling only 100 boxes of our new Satin Splendor Christmas Card assortment. You make \$1.00 for selling 1 box, \$2.00 for 2 boxes, \$10.00 for 10 boxes, etc. You can make a few dollars or hundreds of dollars. All you do is call on neighbors, friends and relatives anywhere in your spare time. Everyone needs and buys Christmas Cards.

Cut out entire Business Reply Coupon below—mail it today
—and we will send you immediately leading boxes on approval
—plus FREE samples of personalized Christmas Cards
and stationery. No experience necessary.

Last year some folks made only \$25 to \$50 while others made \$150—\$250—\$500 and more selling our entire line of greeting cards. Many church groups, organizations, schools, lodges, etc. do this year after year. Everybody buys Christmas cards.

IT COSTS YOU
NOTHING
TO TRY



FREE
SAMPLES
PERSONALIZED
CHRISTMAS CARDS,
STATIONERY and
CATALOG OF
OUR ENTIRE LINE

CUT OUT ENTIRE
BUSINESS REPLY
ENVELOPE AT RIGHT

FILL IN
COUPON-ENVELOPE
FOLD OVER FIRMLY
SEAL (PASTE OR TAPE)
AND MAIL TODAY

No Stamp Necessary

Cut Along Dotted Line—Seal (Paste or Tape) and Mail



NEW!
PRECIOUS PETS
ALL OCCASION
ASSORTMENT
10 delightful
animals reproduced
as giant size cards
suitable for framing



NEW!
RADIANT ROSES
STATIONERY ENSEMBLE
Lovely rose design
on rich vellum sheets
with matching envelopes

Cut Along Dotted Line

THIS ENTIRE FOLD-OVER COUPON FORMS A NO-POSTAGE-REQUIRED BUSINESS REPLY ENVELOPE

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY, Dept. V-62
White Plains, New York 10606

YES, RUSH MY CHRISTMAS CARD SAMPLE KIT

I want to make extra money. Please rush me immediately leading boxes on approval for 30 day free trial plus FREE samples of personalized Christmas cards and stationery, FREE 80-page Full Color Catalog of money-making Gift Items and everything I need to start making money the day my sales kit arrives. As a Cheerful Dealer I will also be privileged to receive additional FREE money-making literature, catalogs, special offers and seasonal samples on approval as they become available.

Fill in your name and address below — No stamp necessary

Name _____ PLEASE PRINT

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

If writing for an organization, give its name here _____

DO NOT CUT HERE ✂ JUST FOLD OVER, SEAL AND MAIL THIS ENVELOPE—NO STAMP NECESSARY

Postage
Will be Paid
by
Addressee

No
Postage Stamp
Necessary
If Mailed in the
United States

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

First Class Permit No. 589, White Plains, New York

CHEERFUL CARD COMPANY

20 Bank Street

White Plains, New York 10606

Dept. V-62



